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## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A touching letter reaches me from Moscow in connection with some remarks made in these Notes upon Mr. Kennan's articles in the *Century* on the treatment of political prisoners in the mines which supply no small portion of the Czar's privy purse. "The *Century* articles," he writes, "are, of course, forbidden here; many of us have read them, and know them to be true, but we have no means of bringing the matter before the Czar. It is known by people who can well judge that he has our good at heart, but he is not aware of what is done in his name. Those who surround him do not make long sight easy to him: he thinks he knows, but does not. I beseech you, in the name of humanity, to write to"—here he mentions an august personage connected by ties of marriage with the Czar—"and entreat her to read these articles: should she do so, she will tell her Majesty the Czarina, and I am sure that noble and kind-hearted woman would find means to bring the matter to his Majesty's notice. This is the answer I beg of you, not a letter in reply to myself." Well, I cannot comply with my correspondent's request, but I have stated it. I suppose that even the most august personages condescend to read the *Illustrated London News*, and are not, in this country at least, surrounded by those whose interest it is not "to make long sight easy to them."

That the promised transparent umbrella will be of great advantage to those who do not carry umbrellas is certain. It will be a satisfaction to those who have lost an eye from the selfishness and stupidity which so often characterise those who misuse that weapon to reflect that their remaining optic will be spared. We shall have no longer to flee to left and right in storm time, as the umbrella-bearer charges down upon us, without the malignity, it may be, of the scythe-wheeled charioteer of old, but with the same deadly execution. There will be no longer any cause for the indiscriminate slaughter produced by rib and ferrule. Even the possessor of this novelty may be saved some personal inconvenience from collision with inanimate objects; but, on the other hand, there have been advantages in the very opacity of the umbrella as it was. How often has the homely gingham afforded not only shelter from the passing shower, but from the prying eye, to the future object of our permanent affections! How often has the humble alpaca been, so to speak, the inverted cradle of the Infant Love? It so often happens, indeed, with such convenient secrecy and under such poetic circumstances that the phrase *sub rosa* might not be ill rendered as "under an umbrella." It is far better than sheltering under a tree, where there is no such excuse for nearness, and which can scarcely lay any young person, however prone to gratitude, under even a passing obligation. What a terrible thing it would be to give way to the tender emotions under this novel invention, oblivious of its tell-tale transparency! Let us hope its material will be of the nature of those window-blinds through which objects are made visible from within, but not from without: that alone will be advantageous for both parties, and all parties.

"The evil that men do lives after them," and this is especially the case with wicked novels; but I notice when novels are not wicked, but only not so good from a literary point of view as others their authors have written, that when they have lately died it is their comparative failures only which are dwelt upon by the critics. They do not do this with the long-dead novelists: when they write of Scott, for example, they would have us believe that all the works of the "Great Wizard" were equally enchanting; there is never any allusion to the "Surgeon's Daughter" or "Count Robert of Paris." One would think that he wrote as well and freshly at the last as at the first. This difference of treatment is not a pretty trait in the critics. Anyone who has read the obituary notices of Wilkie Collins, for example, must observe that, with few exceptions, they dwell upon his less excellent stories with unbecoming persistency. There is little gratitude for the hours of pain and trouble and suspense which his finer works have lightened for us, and a good deal about the "falling-off in his later efforts." The beginning of these effusions is intended to be regretful—"complimentary mourning"—("Crocodiles wept tears for thee"); but the end of them is depreciatory. They remind one (except for the pious motive) of the cemeteries of the poor in London, where, when the mourners have no flowers to plant on a new-made grave, they stick round it flintstones.

Of course, poor old Eliza Cook gets her share of the flints, for these scribes are too devoted to the public good to spare either sex or age. It must be admitted that her rank as a poetess is not high: she was of the school that called poetry "poesy," and imagined it to be an improvement. Nevertheless, what force she had was exerted for good. The audience she addressed would not have thanked her for a higher flight, and what she gave them was at least genuine, homely thoughts in homely verse: she never even attempted to be unintelligible. In an old desk among my primeval records of literary finance I find this "mem.": "Received for an article in 'Eliza Cook's Journal,' 14s 6d."; and I have no doubt I was very pleased to get it.

Whatever is taught at our public schools, it is certain that "a guid conceit o' oursels" is one of the results: the slightest suggestion that anything might be amended at these institutions is resented as though sacrilege had been committed. "A well-known old Harrovian" has been striking in for Eton in the matter of compulsory cricket as though *his own* grandmother had been insulted. He is so well known, it seems, that it is not necessary to give his name; but from internal evidence it seems probable that it is Check. He says that no Etonian who has ever distinguished himself in after-life was not, as a boy, a willing participator in the school games. Of course, if they distinguished themselves so early

that they were put in the fifth form at once, that is another matter; but if they had to "fag out" in the playing fields as "lower boys," as was "the custom in the afternoon" in my time, and liked it, their nature must have been as exceptional as their genius.

It must have been by some mistake in the arrangements of the universe that the American oculist who has discovered the test of human intelligence in the colour of the eye did not receive a public-school education. He is so sweeping in his assertions and so cocksure of everything. "The higher the civilisation," he says, "the lighter the eyes"; to begin with, there may be an unfortunate tendency to a darker tint, but "the aspiring mind seeking the greatest light throws off the pigment." The ladies, I suppose, are not intellectual enough to be classified by this gentleman, but, in their case, Sheridan (who, if this new theory be true, by-the-way, must have been an albino) held the opposite view. It was only if we couldn't find a black eye to our mind that he recommended us to take up with a blue one; though some eyes, it is true (especially after compulsory cricket), are both black and blue. It is satisfactory to learn that "there are many more blue eyes now than there were a century ago," on account of increased aspiration. There is one colour left out of the account by this discoverer, but I can fancy "the well-known Harrovian" in his youth, fresh from the cricket-field, and impatient of scientific novelty, putting this schoolboy question to the astonished savant, "Is there any green in my eye, Doctor?"

Mr. Jefferson Brick, "our war correspondent," was, it will be remembered, mistaken by Martin Chuzzlewit for a little boy; but it seems he might have been both, since a periodical in New York, we are told (though it is fair to say a juvenile one), is conducted by a youth of thirteen. Until quite lately he thought himself the youngest journalist in the world; but a lad of eleven in Germany has now confessed to "having been a reporter for the last five years," and familiar with "copy" before his maturer rival had done with his copybook. As to the editor, I see little advantage to be derived from his tender years, except, indeed, that the blandishments of the fair contributor would be thrown away upon him. He would be adamant to her smiles, as boys of that age always are to beauty, even in distress. But, on the other hand, toffee might soften his editorial rigour and peppermint undermine his principles. "Dear Master Editor,—Here is a bag of sequins—I mean of sweeties; and when you have eaten them you can blow out the bag and burst it." I am afraid *that* would fetch him. But as to the reporter, the younger and smaller he is, it is clear, the better. In the presence of that child of six, even a Cabinet Council would go on without suspicion; the prohibition "No reporters admitted" would have no force for him, and he would put his fingers into every pie when he was only supposed to be sucking his little thumb. Above all, though this does not seem to have been thought of, could not this precocious infant be utilised to get possession of the secret that has hitherto defied the ingenuity of mankind—what ladies talk about after dinner?

The forecasts of a newspaper about a contested election, and the bulletins it publishes of the illness of some eminent person, are singularly alike. In both cases all is going well: the struggle, it is true, is severe, but we have "every reason to hope" that the result will be in accordance with the wishes of the friends of the Constitution, or of the invalid. It is merely a question of time. When the election is lost, or the eminent personage dies, we are told that "it has been for weeks no secret with all who were capable of an opinion that no other termination to the unequal contest was possible." In the case of an election, there is, perhaps, some reason for affecting this sanguine view; those who like to vote with the majority may be captured by the device; but it can hardly have any beneficial effect upon the patient. Powerful as may be the "organ" in which his recovery is so confidently predicted, the sick man has probably greater confidence in the doctor's opinion or his own; he must be devoted to the Fourth Estate, indeed, if he says to himself, "Ill as I feel, the editor of the *Universe* asserts that I am on the high road to recovery, and the *Universe* has always the best information."

Penitence for crime is the (white) feather in the cap of the criminal: he gives in, but to justice and good principles; he owns himself conquered, but his defeat does him more honour than his previous virtue. His sorrow, however—doubtless from the novelty of the experience—is not always of the proper kind: the pickpocket regrets that he did not cash the cheque, the burglar that he did not put away the swag, before he was "copt." A stockbroker's clerk has developed quite a new form of repentance: the thousand pounds of which he robbed his employers did not weigh with him much; but he expressed the most sincere regret for the inconvenience he had caused in the office. "I managed the affair very cleverly," he observed with pardonable pride, "but it was not right. What I am especially sorry for was the keeping my fellow-clerks up so late so many nights trying to get a balance, which, you see, they could not do, because I was working with them, and kept altering the figures." This regret at the contemplation of a commercial picture, which certainly deserves to be transferred to canvas, showed a certain gentlemanly feeling, though with some absence of moral tone—a contradiction new in crime, but by no means unusual in the social circle.

"Strike while the iron's hot," with other people's striking, has become the motto for all trades: while "strike but hear" is a little neglected. The juvenile population, it appears, are now in arms—not those, of course, who are always there, but the elder and, so to speak, the educated classes. A league of Board School boys has been formed, who exhibit in procession a banner with these words of freedom inscribed upon it, "No school after one p.m." I know some young gentlemen, and

also some much older ones, to whom the principle of "No play after one a.m." would be a wholesome restriction; but an hour after noon seems rather early for leaving off work. The author of "Lilliput Levée" foresaw with the instinct of genius that should the boys ever get the upper hand over the adult population they would be unreasonable. The articles of surrender were far more stringent and sweeping than those of Mr. Burns:—

Easily the thing was done,  
For the children were more than two to one,  
Brave as lions, quick as foxes,  
With hoards of wealth in their money-boxes.

They offered a prize for the laziest boy,  
And one for the most magnificent toy;  
They split or burnt the canes offhand,  
They made new laws in Lilliput Land!

What a charming picture of revolution it is, and how few of us remember it! Perhaps the finest scene is where the old folk are made to come to school, saying *Eener-deener-dinner-duss*; *Kattler-scheeler-whiler-wass*; or where in declamation, with too tight a pinafore, "the Queen of Lilliput's own papa" comes disgracefully to grief. "Lilliput Levée" occupies the same high shelf among humorous books as "Alice in Wonderland," but nobody now reaches it down.

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in good health, and takes drives nearly every day. On Sept. 27 the Queen went out in the morning with Princess Alice of Hesse and Princess Beatrice. Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenberg left Balmoral. In the afternoon her Majesty, attended by the Countess of Erroll and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove to Girmock, where the Queen was joined at tea by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse. The Rev. F. Hervey, of Sandringham, and Mrs. Hervey were received by the Queen. Earl Cadogan, as also Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Queen visited the Duchess of Roxburghe at Abergeldie Mains on the morning of the 28th; and in the afternoon her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, the Hereditary Grand Duke, and Princess Alice of Hesse, drove to Birkhall. Earl Cadogan left, and the Lord Chancellor arrived at Balmoral Castle as Minister in Attendance on the Queen. The Countess of Erroll left, and Lady Amphil has arrived at Balmoral as Lady in Waiting. The Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen, the Marquis and Marquise de Bassano, in attendance on her Majesty, and Lord Halsbury being included in the Royal dinner party. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 29th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, one of her Majesty's Chaplains, of West Church, Aberdeen, officiated. The Lord Chancellor and the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell were included in the Royal dinner party. According to present arrangements the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and suite, will not leave Scotland for Windsor Castle until about Nov. 21. Prince and Princess Christian and daughters will return from the Continent to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, a few days previous to the Queen's arrival at Windsor.

The Queen has found it impossible to comply with the desire expressed by some of the most influential representative bodies in Dublin to visit Ireland next spring to inaugurate the National Museum of Science and Art, which it is expected will be completed about that time. Accordingly, both the Dublin Chamber of Commerce and the Royal Dublin Society have now adopted resolutions that the Prince of Wales be solicited to discharge the important function.

The Prince of Wales left Marlborough House on Saturday night, Sept. 28, for Denmark, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and attended by Sir Christopher Teesdale, Colonel Stanley Clarke, and Captain Holford. At Charing-cross terminus their Royal Highnesses were met by Lord Clonmel, the Hon. Assheton Harbord, and Mr. Christopher Sykes. Subsequently the Prince and his sons embarked at Port Victoria, on the Zealand Company's steamer *Deutschland*, which left the Medway early next morning for Flushing, whence they travelled via Hamburg, Frederica, and Copenhagen to Fredensborg. The Princes arrived at Copenhagen at a quarter past nine on the evening of the 30th. Their Royal Highnesses preserved an incognito, and there was accordingly no official reception; but the Ministers of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy were at the railway station to pay their respects to the Royal visitors, who, after a stay of a few minutes only, proceeded on their journey to Fredensborg, where the Royal family of Denmark are now residing, and where they were heartily welcomed by the Imperial and Royal families. The Princess of Wales has been suffering from a severe cold at Fredensborg, the result of a chill caught during a boating excursion on the Esrom Sø; but her Royal Highness is now convalescent. In about a week's time the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and daughters, will leave Copenhagen for Greece, travelling by way of Frankfurt, Munich, and through the Brenner Pass to Venice, whence they will be conveyed on the Osborne yacht to Athens. There the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family will stay at the New Palace (which has only recently been finished) till after the nuptials of the Duke of Sparta and Princess Sophie of Prussia.

We are informed that it has now been decided that on his tour in India Prince Albert Victor of Wales will pay a visit to Burmah, the newly acquired territory of the Queen. He will be the first Prince of British Royal blood to visit that country, and his trip will be somewhat lengthened.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) has been elected President of the Glasgow Branch of the Scottish Home Industries, at a public meeting held in Glasgow.

The Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Rosebery, Lord Elgin, and Lord Kinnoul will act as patrons of the International Exhibition of Electrical Engineering, to be held at Edinburgh next year. The Queen has also promised her patronage.

Two important civic ceremonies were observed on Sept. 28. Alderman Sir Henry A. Isaacs was elected Lord Mayor of London for the year which commences on Nov. 9 next; and the new Sheriffs, Alderman Stuart Knill and Mr. W. H. Harris, were admitted. The latter afterwards entertained a number of friends at breakfast in the hall of the Goldsmiths' Company.

The annual convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain was held at the Free Trade Hall of Manchester on Sept. 28, Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the chair. The report of the executive congratulated the members on the steady progress of the Irish cause, and urged them to increase the Irish vote on the register. It was decided to hold the next convention in Edinburgh.



## MISSIONS OF FLOWERS.

Philanthropy in this country assumes a variety of forms, but it would be difficult to imagine one more charming than that which employs sweet-smelling flowers for distribution among the sick and infirm poor. Who is there that is not susceptible to the tender feelings which these gentle gems of nature evoke? and what better means, therefore, of gaining a kindly influence over the poor?

Ye voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book.

So sings a poet who doubtless, like most persons, has been held spellbound in admiration and wonder at the marvellous and delicate formation and the graceful and elegant growth which the floral world everywhere displays. It would seem, too, as though flowers insensibly impelled us to reflection and mutely appealed to our better senses. It can hardly, then, be a matter for surprise that flowers and plants should have become a popular subject of charity, and sixteen years' experience of flower missions in this country have amply demonstrated the sterling utility of such good work.

It is now twenty years since the idea of this "lovely charity" germinated in America. And this is how. A Boston lady, walking through the city in the summer of 1869 with a bunch of columbines in her hand, was struck with the eagerness with which a few hungry-looking children begged for the flowers. The same summer the same lady noticed a large number of pears wasting in a friend's garden merely because he knew of no one to whom he could send the fruit. These two trivial incidents suggested to this kind-hearted lady a new charity. If the flowers and fruit could be collected at some central place in the city, and thence systematically distributed, they might reach many who would otherwise never have them. It required no common courage to start and carry through an idea of this kind, which, like all novelties, would at first be received critically; but want of courage is no failing of our Transatlantic sisters, and on May 10, 1869, the first flower mission was established at the Hollis-street Chapel, Boston, when a few young ladies received thirteen contributions of flowers, which were distributed among eight hospitals and thirty-six private cases. The average daily distribution during that summer was 121 bunches of flowers, and the good work so rapidly progressed that this number speedily trebled itself, while the daily average distribution is now over 400 bunches.

It was not long, as may be supposed, before the charming idea of flower missions spread to this country, and in 1873 Miss Stanley ventilated in the pages of *Macmillan* the results of the American work. The notion was quickly taken up here, and the first mission of the kind was established at Hull, in April of 1873, by Mr. Samuel Walliker, then postmaster of that town, but now postmaster of Birmingham, a gentleman who for many years has closely associated himself with such movements as are designed to brighten the lives of the poor, and to whose great energy and capacity for organising is, without doubt, due much of the success of flower missions in this country. The Hull mission, which was founded on the lines of the American missions, even to such a detail as the "pansy man"—only that at Hull the pansy contributor happened to be a lady—rapidly developed and grew, and the good work accomplished by it was so satisfactory as to arouse a spirit of emulation in other parts of the country, where flower missions soon became established. In our metropolis alone there are now about a dozen such missions, of which the most important, perhaps, are the Paddington Mission, catering for the West-End, and the London Bible Flower Mission, achieving a large amount of excellent work in the East-End. The most active missions in the provinces are those established at Edinburgh, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Rochester, Glasgow, Bristol, and many other important places. Even to the Continent has the good work spread, for we hear of flower missions successfully established in France, Germany, and Sweden. In distant Honolulu, too, as well, also, as at Cape Town, the idea has taken root with every promise of yielding good fruit.

The flower missions now in operation are modelled mostly on the same pattern, and the system pursued is extremely simple. Without going into details that would only weary, the following main points may be briefly mentioned. The all-important feature in every mission of the kind is of course to obtain the flowers; and for this purpose it is necessary to appeal to the generosity of the public. To this end the aid of the Press is indispensable, and it is gratifying to know that the Fourth Estate has ever shown a willing alacrity to help in the good work. The letters from Mr. Walliker and other leaders in the movement, which have from time to time appeared in the *Times*, have unquestionably greatly furthered the work, but of course for local purposes the local Press must be resorted to. These appeals are, as a rule, heartily responded to, and the flowers flow in freely, and are forwarded in specially constructed baskets from the branches established in the outlying villages to the town central dépôt of the mission. As soon as possible after receipt they are arranged and placed in water. After having the stalks dried and appropriate text-cards affixed they are sent out in covered baskets to the hospitals, sick wards of the workhouses, and to the district visitors and others working among the sick and infirm poor of all denominations. At Hull they have a flower messenger, quite an interesting town character.

With regard to the flowers themselves, contributors are cautioned to arrange them with care and to use only those in good condition. Bright and fragrant flowers with plenty of green are most desired. Lilacs, peonies, pansies, lilies-of-the-valley, roses, heliotrope, pond lilies, sweet peas, sweet clover, mignonette, pinks, forget-me-nots, sweet alyssum, and candy tuft are well adapted to packing and for arranging into pretty little bouquets, and give perhaps the most pleasure and refreshment of all the varieties sent. Ferns and grasses are very desirable, while sweet-smelling leaves, such as sweet-briar, lavender, rose-geranium, lemon verbena, and rosemary never come amiss. Foliage is regarded as an important adjunct to flowers contributed, and in the winter months evergreens are highly prized. Supplies of flowers naturally fall short after October; but much can be performed during the winter, and the work of a flower mission need never be suspended. Thus, as an example of what may be done in the winter time, Mr. Walliker, writing in the *Times*, says: "Pots and pans with moist sand, over which grains of wheat are scattered, and in the centre of which one or more carrot-tops (slices from the tops of carrots), covered by pretty moss, are placed; or, in the case of pots, in the centre of which moss-grown, lichen-covered branches of trees and sprays of arborvitæ or other evergreens are placed, make lasting and pretty objects. Ivy twisted round the moss-covered branches, fastened thereon with wire, and planted in the damp sand, lasts long and is very effective."

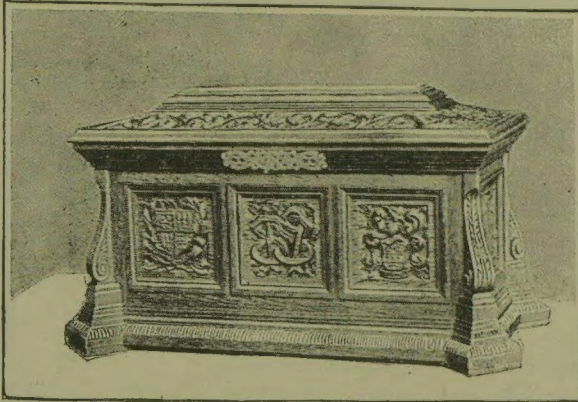
There are some, no doubt, who may question whether flower missions really supply an appreciable felt want; but, if the great success which has attended the establishment of such missions were not sufficient evidence of their utility, ample proof would be found in the experiences of those who have helped in such work. These workers are replete with

stories of the extreme pleasure which the distribution of flowers affords to the recipients. Many a "God bless the people who sent them!" is extracted by the delight of these poor people, and it is told of one poor old widow at Hull that she was so gratified with a sweet posy given to her that she placed it in her window, and refused the offer of sixpence for it by a gentleman whose notice and admiration it had attracted, and this notwithstanding she hardly knew what it was to taste meat. Were it necessary, and did space permit, we might multiply almost indefinitely the examples of the great happiness caused by the work of the flower mission. The fact is that the flowers are regarded by the poor and sick people to whom they are given as sweet messages of love; tokens that they are not wholly forgotten in their sad and weary pilgrimage of life by their fellow-creatures. Mute messengers are these flowers to them of that peace and purity and holy love which all may aspire to when the book of life is closed; and, while thus affording these poor sufferers a theme for pious reflection, they are bright reminders of the kindness and thoughtfulness that are not wholly wanting in this world. If, then, flower missions achieve no greater aim even than this, surely they are worthy of a hearty and responsive support.

A. G. B.

## THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT KENDAL.

It may be remembered that, some weeks ago, the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Whitehead, visiting his native county, was presented by the Mayor and Corporation of



CASKET FOR FREEDOM OF KENDAL,  
PRESENTED TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Kendal with the honorary freedom of that town. The certificate of this distinction conferred by the borough municipal authorities was enclosed, as is customary, in an ornamental casket. This article of creditable local workmanship, the design of which is shown in our Illustration, was a miniature oaken chest, made of wood grown in the neighbourhood. The carving represents the arms of the Corporation of Kendal and those of the City of London.

Mr. Richard Cory, of Cardiff, has resolved to present £1000 to Haverfordwest College to endow a chair there.

Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador in London, has been privately married at Wiesbaden to his former wife, from whom he was divorced in 1881.

Another addition to the Royal Navy was begun in Portsmouth Dockyard on Sept. 30, when the first keel-plate of the Royal Sovereign, one of the eight-huge men-of-war provided for in the Admiralty special programme, was laid.

A Leeds correspondent states that the late Alderman George, of Leeds, in addition to bequeathing his oil paintings to the Corporation as a contribution towards the Fine Art Gallery, leaves £20,000 to be equally divided between the General Infirmary and the Yorkshire College.

At a public meeting held at Cambridge on Sept. 30, Mr. C. Hall, M.P., was formally congratulated on his appointment as First Commissioner to the Maritime Conference at Washington, and a resolution was passed thanking the Government for its action in sending a delegation to that Conference.

The Bishop of London has returned to Fulham, after an absence from his diocese of two months. The Earl of Carlisle has gone to Italy for two months, Lady Carlisle remaining at Castle Howard during his absence; and the Bishop of Lincoln has left his diocese for a short holiday, which he will spend at Clevedon.

We are pleased to state that Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, the eminent cocoa and chocolate manufacturers of Bristol and London, have been awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition for the superiority and excellence of their productions. This makes the forty-first prize medal awarded to the firm, including those secured at the principal international exhibitions.

The Metropolitan Volunteers were busy in all directions on Saturday, Sept. 28. The 13th Middlesex (Queen's Westminster) Rifles assembled at Wimbledon Railway Station and marched to the common for outpost practice. The proceedings took the form of a sham fight, four companies being told off as an attacking, while the remainder of the battalion represented a defending, force. The 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers and the 1st Surrey Rifles were out route marching, and at all the ranges in the neighbourhood of London prize and challenge competitions and class firing in view of the termination of the Volunteer year were carried on with more than ordinary vigour. The sergeants of the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, after the battalion parade, formally inaugurated their new club-rooms at the headquarters of the regiment at Kennington.

The proceedings of the Congress of the Sanitary Institute closed on Saturday, Sept. 28, with the working-men's meeting at the Common Hall, Worcester. A large body of working-men and their wives attended. The Mayor of Worcester presided. Professor W. H. Corfield gave an address on the mistakes of life in connection with food, clothing, and sanitary arrangements. Mr. H. Law spoke on the essentials to health, which he summed up in the words air, water, and sunshine. He pointed out that there was a class of diseases which had been aptly named "filth" diseases, such as cholera and typhus fever, which, if there were no such things as impure water and air, and if our dwellings were light and well ventilated, would become unknown.—Advantage was taken of the Congress to hold the annual meeting of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which took place at the Guildhall, Worcester, under the presidency of Professor W. H. Corfield. The annual meeting (which was of a formal character) was followed by a conference of medical officers. Papers dealing with medical and sanitary subjects were read.

## THE LANDSLIP AT QUEBEC.

A great disaster took place on Thursday, Sept. 18, at Quebec, on the river St. Lawrence, the capital city of Lower Canada. On that day, about eight o'clock in the evening, several thousand tons of rock slid from the face of Cape Diamond, at the end of Dufferin-terrace below the citadel, falling 200 ft. upon Champlain-street, in the Lower Town, carrying down seven dwellings, and covering the street and houses below with a mass of debris 300 ft. long and 15 ft. to 25 ft. deep. It had been constantly raining for several days, following on hot, dry weather, which it is believed made the cliff crack, and caused the disaster. A similar slide occurred in 1841, almost at the same place, when thirty houses were destroyed, with seventy occupants.

The work of rescue proceeded throughout the night, troops, firemen, and citizens aiding, six hundred labourers diligently working in removing the rubbish. The landslide left a large hollow space under Dufferin-terrace, making it unsafe. The houses destroyed were small, and were occupied by the working classes. Forty dead bodies were got out of the ruins before Sunday, and it is believed that fifteen or sixteen others, who were missing, have also perished. The condition of the adjacent cliff is still dangerous, and more slides are feared. The Canadian Military Board is making an examination to decide about supporting the citadel over Dufferin-terrace by walls protecting the cliff-front.

Our Views of the place are from sketches by the Rev. W. C. Bouchier, Chaplain R.N.

## THE YANGTZE KIANG AT HANKOW.

The great inland maritime and commercial port of China, which is situated on the river Yangtze Kiang, nearly six hundred miles from the open sea, in a position something like that of Montreal with regard to the navigation of the river St. Lawrence, was described a fortnight ago. It may be anticipated that, by the proposed construction of a railway from Pekin due south to Hankow, which has recently been decreed by the Emperor of China, the importance of Hankow, as the most central mart of foreign traffic accessible to sea-going ships of all nations, will be vastly increased. We present a second View of the place, furnished by another of the sketches that were taken in 1872 by our well-known Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, when he visited China and wrote an interesting narrative of his voyages and travels round the globe, in his book called "Meeting the Sun." He tells us, in that volume, that "Hankow means the Han mouth, and is at the junction of the Han with the Yangtze. There are three distinct towns at the place. The principal one, Wu-chang, the capital of the province of Hupeh, is on the south side of the river; Han-yang and Hankow, which are separated from each other by the Han River, are on the north bank (of the Yangtze Kiang). The settlement where the Europeans have their houses is in the eastern part of the town. A magnificent bund, or embankment, has been constructed, and along this is a wide thoroughfare, with trees along it, reminding one of a boulevard. Facing this, and overlooking the broad expanse of the Yangtze, are the residences—and it is no stretching of the word to call them palatial—of the Europeans. The rising of the river in summer, which reaches a great height, renders this great bund necessary. High and dry as it is, the river often covers it and the whole country round. When this occurs, the residents here have to go from house to house in boats; even the communication with the kitchen, which is generally an outhouse, has to be kept up in this way. On the corner of the Consulate will be found marks, with the dates of the various inundations." Our Artist's Sketch, taken from near the British Consulate, looks towards Wu-chang, on the opposite bank of the Yangtze Kiang River.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

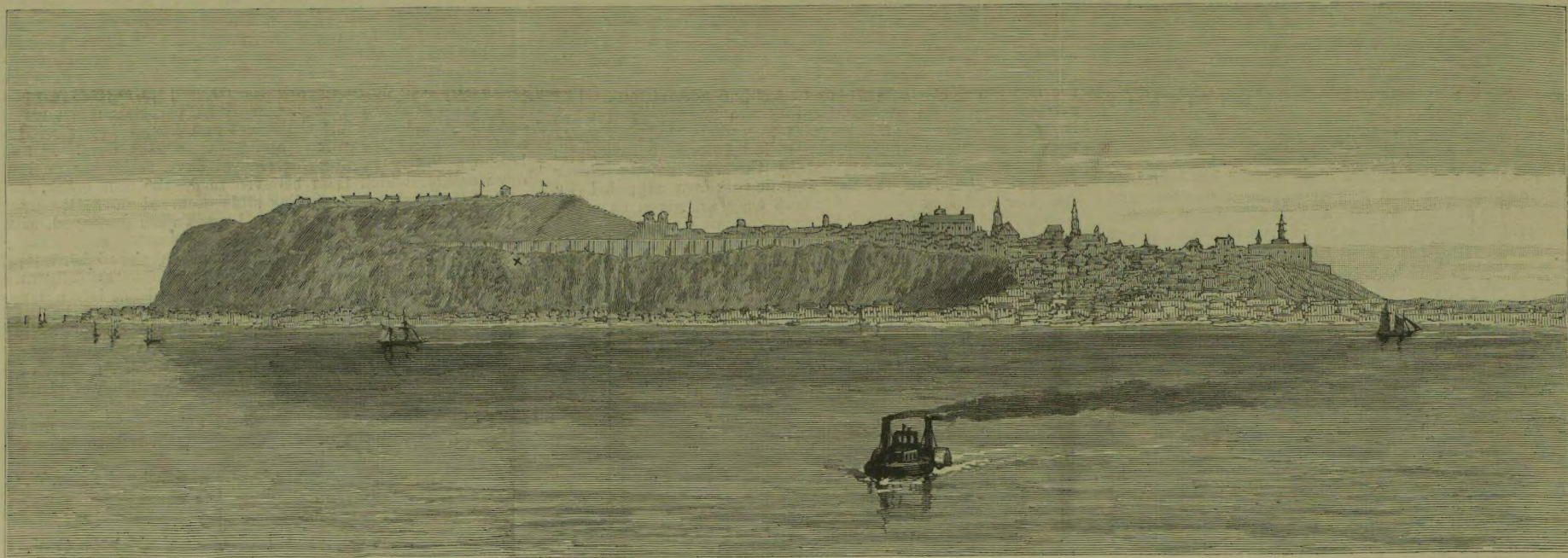
At a meeting of the Fellows of Brasenose College, Oxford, on Oct. 1, Mr. Charles Buller Heberden, M.A., Vice-Principal, Fellow, and Tutor, was elected to be Principal of the College, in succession to the Rev. Albert Watson, M.A., resigned. Mr. Heberden was First Class in Classics at the First Public Examination in 1869, and First Class in the Final School of *Literæ Humaniores* in 1871; served the office of Proctor in 1881, and has been Classical Moderator (Honours) in 1884-5-6.—The offer of small scholarships, to enable poorer University Extension students to study for a short time in Oxford, having proved successful, the Marquis of Ripon has promised £50, and Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., one of the Burgesses for the University, £10, for scholarships to be held at the next Oxford Summer meeting of University Extension students. Lord Ripon will repeat his subscription for five years. Among the winners of scholarships in the last competition were several ladies engaged in teaching, a working carpenter, two printers, two fustian-cutters, an artisan from a Government Dockyard, and a clerk from a Yorkshire co-operative store. All the successful competitors had written prize essays, which were highly commended by the Examiners. The idea of offering these scholarships first occurred to some Cambridge friends of University Extension, and, having been mentioned by Mr. John Morley at the Mansion House, was introduced into the Oxford University Extension system by Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P.

In congregation in the Senate House at Cambridge, on Oct. 1, the Rev. Dr. Searle, Master of Pembroke, resigned his office at the expiration of his tenure. In the course of his valedictory remarks to the members of the Senate assembled, he said his predecessor, Dr. Taylor, returned his full year's stipend to the University. His £400 had been applied in defraying the cost of the sculpture in the new library buildings. The benefaction of Mr. Newall's celebrated telescope was virtually secured, and he had no doubt the University would pledge themselves to the expenditure necessary to remove it to Cambridge, and use it for the study of the stellar physics. The chairs vacated by the deaths of Dr. Kennedy and Dr. Wright had been worthily filled by the election of Professor Jebb and Professor Robertson Smith; while Professor Stanton's election to the Ely Professorship of Divinity would strengthen and enlarge the province of the Divinity faculty, by bringing to it the power of treating as a Christian moralist those difficult social problems which were the creation of our modern civilisation, too pressing now to be longer ignored by the Church. Having made pleasurable reference to the visit of the Co-operative Working-Men's Congress, Dr. Searle spoke of the financial outlook. The colleges were much poorer now than seven years ago, when it was calculated they would be rich enough to bear a gradually increasing taxation. Meanwhile the University increased its demands. He trusted some compromise would be effected whereby the University might be adequately sustained and the colleges preserved in their usefulness.

The sum of £2000 has been presented to the University of St. Andrews for the purpose of erecting and equipping a laboratory in connection with the chemistry chair in St. Andrew's College.



× Place where the Landslip occurred.



GENERAL VIEW OF QUEBEC.



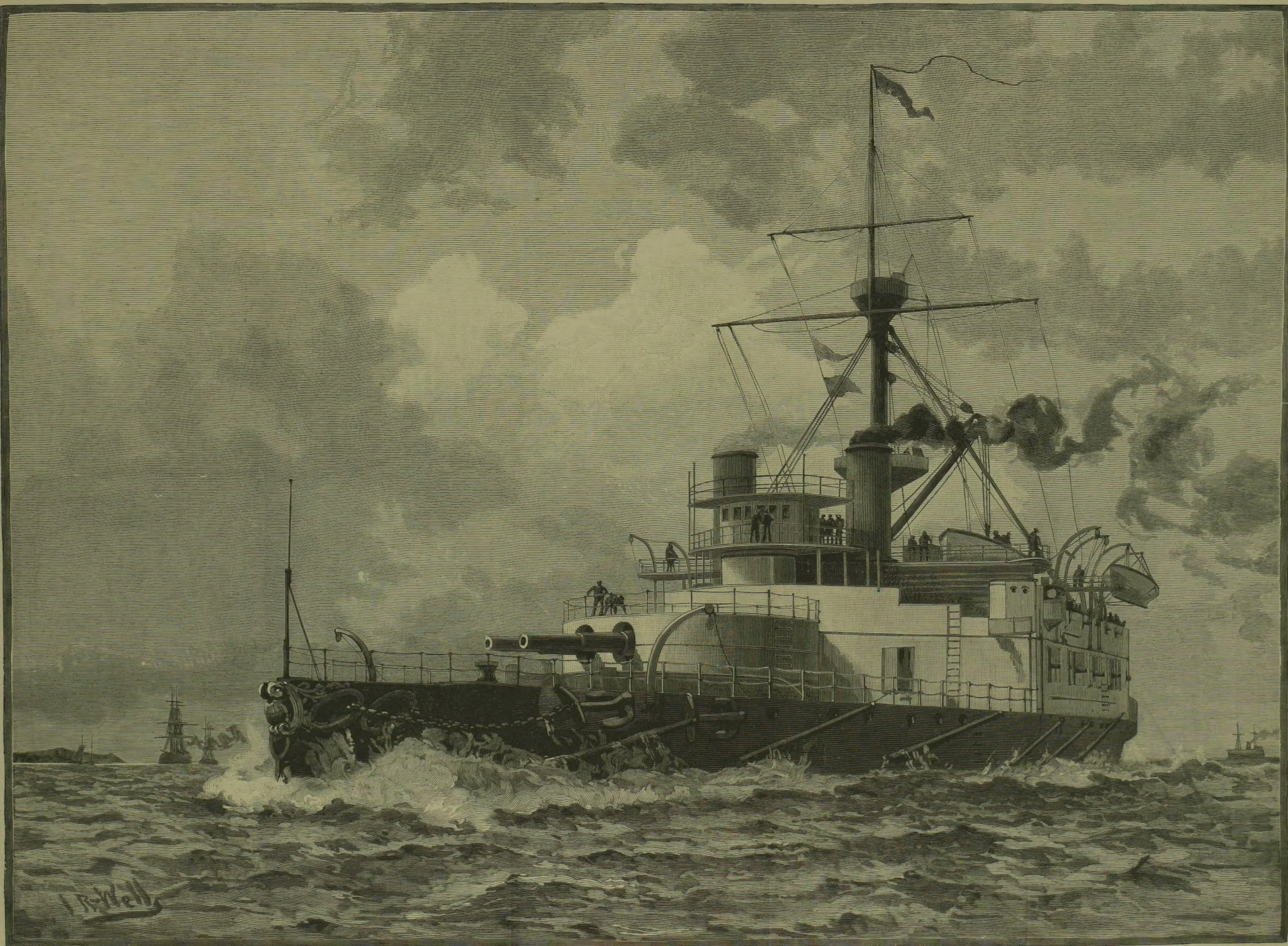
DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC.

T H E   L A N D S L I P   A T   Q U E B E C .



THE YANGTZE KIANG AT HANKOW, CHINA.





H.M.S. VICTORIA, NEW FIRST-CLASS WAR-SHIP.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

It has often been observed that the drama of any country is as restless as the waves that beat upon the shore. Public taste is exposed to the storm of change, and is as variable as the fashion of a woman's hat or bonnet. Melodrama of the realistic and vulgar kind, the melodrama of the streets and the gutter, has given way for the moment to picturesque historical drama. At Drury-Lane, Mr. Augustus Harris has illustrated some stormy scenes in the history of the merry monarch Charles II., showing us how fugitive Kings hid in old oak-trees, and Cavaliers went without fear to the scaffold. In Paris the indefatigable M. Sardou has just put the finishing touches to a play of romantic and historical interest, on which M. Coquelin is to appear, instead of at the classic home of Molière. In the English provinces Mrs. Langtry sees an opening for the romance of history, by Tom Taylor, called "Twixt Axe and Crown," which will doubtless be followed by countless versions of "Joan of Arc," "Cromwell," "Mary Queen of Scots," and "Jane Shore"; and, as everybody knows, Mr. Henry Irving has recently made the stormy scenes of the French Revolution more interesting in a theatrical sense than ever by his splendid revival of the thirty-years-old Adelphi drama "The Dead Heart."

The Lyceum manager is fond of these excursions into the dramatic history of the past. He is wont to interleave his revivals of Shakspeare and Goethe with the celebrated successes of such gifted predecessors as Charles Kean. He has tried, in turn, "The Lyons Mail" and "The Corsican Brothers," to say nothing of "Louis XI.," and now he does not scorn to go to the old Adelphi and borrow "The Dead Heart." To touch an old play means, with Mr. Irving, to adorn it. When Watts Phillips wrote his story of the French Revolution, thirty years ago, it was sufficiently well done. The acting of Benjamin Webster, David Fisher, and Miss Woolgar was more than up to the accepted standard of those days; the scenery was far better than that usually found at the old Adelphi; and the stage management as good as would have been found at the Princess's when Charles Kean was there astonishing everybody. But what was good enough for the Adelphi of 1859 was certainly not good enough for the Lyceum of 1889. Three distinct periods of dress had to be illustrated, and Mr. Irving had made up his mind that accuracy should precede beauty. He took as much pains to make the old play properly representative of a period as if he were at work on a masterpiece of the great dramatic poet's. Miss Terry might possibly look better in clinging skirts and æsthetic raiment; but, like the rest, it was ordered that she should dance in the flounces and furbelows of 1771. Colour, shape, design, every flag, banner, and property, had the warrant of history and the imprimatur of the archæologist. The same with the music; the same with the scenery. We have got as near to the great French Revolution as it would be possible to do within the limits of theatrical art. So far so good. The scene may be uglier than we could have wished, but it is correct. And then it occurred to Mr. Irving that the play must be altered also; but it would appear that he ruthlessly limited the power awarded to Mr. Walter Pollock. He was to cut away, but not supply. He was to edit or revise, but not to embellish. Now, doubtless it was wise to curtail the exuberance of the fancy of the late Mr. Watts Phillips and to lop away at his full-sounding dramatic periods; but it must be granted that the residue is singularly flat, bald, and uninteresting. The play is virtually a song without words. The actors have to supply a poverty-stricken text with pure pantomime. We have the dry bones of the play, but not its life or its colour. In scene after scene we miss the light and life that crisp dialogue alone can give. The text has been so cut down, so scraped, pruned, and pared, that the play is all action and no padding. The other day, at Drury-Lane, "The Royal Oak" suffered from too much talk; "The Dead Heart" would be improved by a great deal more resonant language. Take the scene between Landry and Catharine in the prologue, the dialogue between the Abbé Latour and the Marchioness in the first act, the scenes between Robert and Catharine in the café, between Landry and the Abbé in the prison, between Robert and Catharine at the scaffold steps—how much they would have been improved, not exactly by the retention necessarily of the old text, but by supplying something better, which Mr. Pollock might well have done! Action is all very well, but mere action becomes thin and incomplete without interpolated scenes of dialogue. And most certainly the acting suffered from the new plan of cutting out what is called the bombast of melodrama, and supplying nothing in its place. How, for instance, could Mr. Bancroft show us the true subtlety of the Abbé Latour, or Mr. Irving the strong nobility of Landry, or Miss Terry the deep pathos of the forlorn mother, when they had so much to suggest and so little to say? What are even the comic scenes and the low comedians if so severe a gag was placed over their merry mouths? It may be perfectly true that thirty years of burlesque have rendered impossible the accepted phraseology of melodrama. Perchance much of the book of Mr. Watts Phillips would have sounded pretentious, not to say ludicrous. But then, if you put up the play a peg higher in its scenic arrangement and archæology, you can do the same with the dialogue. If we can stage-manage an historical drama better, we can write it better also. I do not recall one scene in the whole play that would not have been improved by bolder talk or stronger explanation. Some of the motives of the play are positively misunderstood for want of adequate explanation. The early love of the patriot and the heroine are feebly accentuated, the true character of the Comte De Valéry remains unexplained. No one is told why Catharine married the man who gratuitously insulted her; while the poetic significance of the most dramatic scenes is neutralised by the unaccountable baldness of the text on almost every page. It may be true that the actors and actresses of 1859 played to the gallery and the pit. Why should not the artists of 1889 be allowed to play to the intelligence of the people all over the house? Pantomime and action are all very well, but dialogue is still an important factor in an historical play.

In Robert Landry Mr. Henry Irving has found another character after his own heart. He looks it and plays it to perfection. I care not whether it is the light-hearted lover of the prologue, or the unburied ghost of a man after the sacking of the Bastille, or the saddened lover with the dead heart, or the pale-faced embodiment of revenge, or the saint-like self-sacrificing hero, it is one of the most picturesque and admirable performances that this excellent actor has given to the modern stage. He is, as he ought to be, the dominating figure in the composition. He is the centrepiece of the foreground. As the Abbé Latour Mr. Bancroft does all that can be done with a very "thin" part. Mr. David Fisher had some words to speak, Mr. Bancroft had very few to utter. The actor's manner does not lend itself very easily to "soft sawder" or deceit; he is neither the cat nor the snake, but it is, all the same, a very artistic and effective performance, particularly in the duel scene, one of the strongest things Mr. Bancroft has ever done in London. No sweeter or more pathetic Catharine could have been found on the stage than Miss Ellen Terry; and her young son, Mr. Gordon Craig, has

received a cordial welcome as the girl-faced Arthur de Valéry. He is well-looking, and he will do well. Mr. Edward Righton and Miss Kate Phillips modestly struggled with the most uncomic characters ever introduced to melodrama; and one of the best-acted characters of the play was the soldier Legrand, by that excellent actor Mr. Arthur Stirling.

But in this instance the scenes make the play. The scene-painter and costumier are paramount; the actors and actresses go to the wall. Already all fashionable and unfashionable London is talking of the taking of the Bastille, with its brilliancy of colour and discipline of noise; of the exciting duel to the death in the prison of the Conciergerie; and of the tableau where the faithful Landry mounts to his death for the sake of the woman he loves. These scenes will draw all London. It may be a poor play, but it is a brilliant and attractive panorama.

C. S.

## THE NEW M.P. FOR DUNDEE.

Mr. John Leng, who has been elected for Dundee unopposed, in place of the late Mr. J. B. Firth, is the second son of the late Mr. Adam Leng, of Hull, and younger brother of Sir William C. Leng, of Sheffield. He was born in 1828, and was educated at the Hull Grammar School. In 1847, at the age of nineteen, he became sub-editor of the *Hull Advertiser*, and in 1851 editor and managing proprietor of the *Dundee Advertiser*. He has since established several daily and weekly publications in Scotland, including the *People's Journal*. He regards Home Rule as the logical development of local government, and is in favour generally of the programme of the Electoral Labour Congress. Mr. Leng is the author of "America in 1876," and numerous pamphlets, including "American Competition," "Scotch Banking Reform," "Practical Politics,"



MR. JOHN LENG, THE NEW M.P. FOR DUNDEE.

and "What are the Best Methods of Dealing with the Unemployed?" He is a Justice of the Peace for the counties of Forfar and Fife. He was adopted as Liberal candidate for East Fife in 1885, but retired at that time in favour of Mr. J. Boyd Kinnear.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

The memorial-stones have been laid of New Science and Technical Schools, Plymouth, which will form an imposing building, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

The appointment of Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General on the Staff at Cyprus falls vacant by the expiry of Major Swaine's tenure. He will be succeeded by Major J. C. Duke, West Riding Regiment.

A welcome addition has just been made to the Zoological Society's collection of living animals in the shape of a fine young female Burchell's zebra (*Equus Burchelli*). The society had already a pair of the much rarer true zebra (*Equus zebra*). This recent acquisition gives them a pair of the first-named species also. In a very few years under the quickly advancing tide of immigration, both these beautiful representatives of the horse tribe will be utterly extinct in Africa.

The winter session of many of the medical schools connected with the hospitals of the metropolis was opened on Oct. 1, when introductory addresses were delivered by professors or practitioners attached to the medical staffs. At St. Thomas's Hospital the open scholarships in natural science have been awarded as follows: the first, value 125 guineas, to Mr. T. G. Nicholson; and the second, value £60, to Mr. A. E. Russell. The open scholarships at Guy's in Arts have been awarded to William S. Handley, Loughborough Grammar School, and John Robert Steinhäuser, Sutton Valence School. The open scholarships in Science have been awarded to John A. Howard, King's College and Guy's Hospital; and to Arthur H. Leete, University College, Aberystwith.

The Lord Mayor Elect has determined, according to the *City Press*, that the forthcoming show shall be on a scale of even greater splendour than that which has characterised the pageants that former kings of the City have provided for the benefit of the London public. The show is to be designed by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, a gentleman whose artistic penchant is guarantee that for effect the triumphal cars will be at any rate fully equal to those that have paraded the City on former Lord Mayor's Days. Taking advantage of the fact that this year the City celebrates the 700th anniversary of the Mayoralty, there are to be seven cars, each of which will represent a different epoch in the history of the Corporation. In addition to these cars there are to be further spectacular effects, more in the style of those that generally find a place in the show of the ninth. Thus there are to be bands of soldiers, troops of verderers, trophies representing England in the days of yore, and groups of animals—live, not stuffed—emblematical of the colonial possessions of the Empire. The more spectacular element of the show is to be arranged by Mr. Augustus Harrie, than whom all will admit no greater expert could be found.

## H.M.S. VICTORIA.

An Admiralty order has been received at Sheerness directing the new first-class battle-ship Victoria to be taken for a series of gunnery trials, under the superintendence of the officers of the gunnery-ship *Excellent*. If the trials are successful the Victoria will be immediately commissioned as the flag-ship for the Mediterranean station.

The armour-clad Victoria, which has been built for the British Navy by Sir William G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at the Elswick Shipbuilding Yard, on the River Tyne, is the most powerfully equipped British war-ship afloat. Her main dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 340 ft.; beam, 70 ft.; mean draught with full armament and full coal-stores, 26 ft. 9 in.; displacement, when completely equipped, 10,500 tons; and the power of the engines is 12,000-horse indicated. Her armament consists of two guns of 110 tons each and 16½ in. calibre, placed in a turret forward; one 11-in. gun of 30 tons, placed aft on the upper deck; twelve 6-in. 5-ton broadside guns in a turret on the main deck abaft the 110-ton guns; twelve six-pounder rapid-firing guns on the spar deck; and nine three-pounder rapid-firing guns, some on the decks and some in the mastheads. There are also two 1-in. Nordenfält two-barrelled guns, and four ½-in. Nordenfält guns, placed on the spar deck or in the mastheads. The turret in which the two 110-ton guns are placed is covered with bound steel armour 17 in. thick, and the base of the turret is protected by a battery wall completely inclosing it with 18 in. thick of bound armour, which protects also the mechanism for bringing up the ammunition and driving the gun. The guns will fire a projectile of 1800 lb. weight in any direction from straight ahead to 50 to 60 deg. abaft the beam on either side, the charge of gunpowder being no less than 960 lb. To the rear of this turret on each side of the vessel is a long, strongly protected battery of six 5-ton guns of 6-in. calibre, projecting through protected ports. These batteries extend from the turret to the station for the 10-in. gun, which is a stern gun of great range. The rapid-firing guns will be on the spar deck, and, at the head of the steel mast, fore and aft and on each side, are four torpedo guns above water, and there are four under-water torpedo guns, two on each broadside. The Victoria will also be fitted with torpedo defence netting and with boats for torpedo service in action. The ship will be commanded from a conning-tower of armour of from 10 in. to 12 in. thick placed above the level of the turret, which will have means of communication with the engine-rooms and important parts of the ship, and of steering by hydraulic power.

The ship throughout is lighted by electricity, by which means also the guns will be fired, while the loading of the heavier guns will be carried out by means of hydraulic mechanism. The protective armour of the Victoria is very massive. For protection against heavy projectiles she has on each side a belt of armour extending three or four feet above and below the water-line, and 152 ft. in length of compound steel plating 18 in. thick. This armour incloses all the vital parts of the ship, including the propelling machinery, the magazine mechanism, the boxes of the funnels, and the structure carrying the base of the turret. A protective flat deck of 3 in. thickness of steel is carried over at the level of the top of this armour belt, throughout its length and continued to the bow and the stern of the ship. At the level of the bottom of this armour belt, at its forward end, is superimposed an 18-in. belt, which protects the base of the turret, itself with armour 17 in. thick. Thus from the stem to the stern the ship is thoroughly protected either by deck-plates or by massive walls of bound armour.

The propelling power, which is placed below the protective decks, consists of twin screws of 16 ft. diameter, each of which is driven by triple expansion engines manufactured by Messrs. Humphrys and Tennant, London. The cylinders of the engines are respectively 43 in., 62 in., and 96 in. in diameter, and the stroke of the piston 51 in. These engines are intended to be worked at a speed of ninety-five revolutions per minute, and will collectively develop a force of 12,000 indicated horse power, giving to the vessel a speed of about 16½ knots. The Victoria will have a coal storage of 1200 tons, sufficient to carry the vessel at full pressure over 1600 nautical miles, but at the more leisurely speed of, say, ten knots, over a distance of 7000 miles—a long cruise. Ample magazine accommodation is got in the internal part of the ship owing to her great beam, so that even for the 110-ton guns she will be able to carry 160 rounds of projectile and powder. The most striking feature of the whole is the extent to which manual labour has been superseded by hydraulic power, not only in the manipulation of the heavy armament, but in the engine-room and in every part of the ship.

The pheasant-shooting season, which opened on Oct. 1, according to reports from correspondents, is likely to be a very successful one.

The Croydon Town Council have resolved to apply to Parliament for powers to improve the High-street of that town, at an estimated cost of £100,000.

The marriage of Earl Amherst with Alice, Countess of Lisburne, took place in Christ Church, Down-street, on Sept. 25. The bride was led to the altar by her father, Mr. Edmund Probyn, of Huntley Manor, Gloucestershire, who afterwards gave her away; and was attended by Master Evelyn Denison, nephew of the bridegroom, as page. The service was fully choral.

Mr. E. J. Physick, sculptor, has erected in the chancel of the parish church, Flint, North Wales, an elaborate memorial of the late Mr. James Muspratt, of Seaforth Hall, Lancashire, the founder of the alkali trade of Great Britain, and of Mr. Richard Muspratt, J.P., of Trelawny House, and Cornist, Flint, for seventeen successive years Mayor of Flint, and the head of the alkali trade of that city.

The Revenue Returns for the half-year ended Sept. 30 show that the Post Office has yielded an increase of £330,000, the Telegraph Service £100,000, the Land Tax £15,000, the Interest on Purchase Money of Suez Canal Shares £45,988, and Miscellaneous £160,904. On the other hand, the receipts from Property and Income Tax decreased by £320,000, Customs by £7000, Excise by £120,000, Stamps by £20,000, and House Duty by £5000. There is, on balance, a net increase for the half-year of £179,892.

The Church Congress was opened on Oct. 1 at Cardiff. After sermons by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Lichfield, and the Bishop of Derry, the Bishop of Llandaff delivered the presidential address in the Park Hall. He showed the progress which was being made by the Church in Wales, and claimed that she was fully alive to her responsibilities, and had a larger number of members than any other religious body in the Principality. At the afternoon Session "The Church's mode of dealing with rapidly growing populations" was considered, and in the evening Church and State, Clergy Pensions, and Missions to Seamen were discussed.—The autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales opened at Hull on the same day, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Falding, of Bradford, who, in his presidential address, dealt at length with "The Ministry of the Churches."



## THE MOUNT PILATUS RAILWAY.

Thousands of tourists annually visit that favourite resort in Switzerland, the charming little city of Lucerne. One of the most impressive views there is the imposing form of Mount Pilatus, with its rugged and serrated peak towering behind the beautiful shores of the lake. Viewed from the shore, Pilatus—or, as the natives pronounce it, Piläts—appears as a beautifully proportioned cone, terminating in a greyish-white apex called the Esel—which means the Ass: a vulgar corruption, by the way, of the ancient name "Etel," a designation expressive of ruggedness and wild grandeur. But, while this appears the highest point, there is another peak, a little to the west, the Tomlishorn, which is really the summit, the heights being respectively 6965 ft. and 6998 ft. above sea-level. But the Esel is the most conspicuous peak.

Two enterprising engineers of Zurich, Colonel Locher and M. E. Guyer-Freuler, conceived the startling idea of constructing a railway to that point, which has been constructed and has been worked, to the surprise and wonder of tourists, during the past summer.

The starting-point of the railway is at Alpnach-Staad. From the lake shore upwards the foundation consists of a continuous wall of solid masonry, covered with immense slabs of granite. All the arches are of masonry, there being no dangerous iron bridges. The superstructure is of iron and steel, braced and bolted to the masonry yard by yard.

The rack-rail runs midway between the two smooth rails, but at a somewhat higher level. It is wrought of steel, and has a double row of vertical cogs, milled out of solid steel bars. Every engine and carriage has two horizontal cog-wheels, which grip the raised rail on either side. The brake can be applied in a moment, and there are, besides, vigorous automatic brakes. The locomotive and the carriage, with four compartments, each seating eight persons, form one piece of rolling-stock. The boiler is placed crosswise. All the material is Swiss.

The speed, both in ascending and in descending, is 65 yards a minute, the mean gradient being 42 in 100, and the maximum 43 in 100. The actual length of railway is nearly three miles (5049 yards), the work of construction having occupied two short summers only, as last winter tunnelling work could only be carried on, and this at an altitude of 6000 ft., where the cold was intense. The cost has been £76,000. It might be added that a glance at the train will satisfy the most timid as regards safety.

Leaving the terminus, the first point of special interest is the Wolfort Ravine, 855 yards distant, shown in our illustration, and where water is taken in. Here a grand view is afforded of the Alpnach bay, right under our feet. Then follows the Wolfort Tunnel, and, climbing the slope, fine views are encountered till the Spycker Tunnel is passed and the Aemigen Alp plateau is reached, where is the turn-table for the crossing of up and down trains.

Now begins the ascent of the steep Eselwand—in fact, the mountain wall, where, at an altitude of 6200 ft., no less than four consecutive tunnels pierce the huge body of the Esel, and between the second and third the grand Alpine panorama, with its glittering snowy peaks, extending from Appenzell to the Bernese Oberland, is suddenly unveiled to our astounded gaze. The line now rounds a rocky corner, and, as if making a final spurt, the engine emits a shrill whistle, that echoes and re-echoes from crag to crag, as it ascends the last and steepest incline, and enters through a lofty archway, a building at the base of the topmost pinnacle. This is the Pilatus-Kulm station, the upper terminus.

We are 5341 ft. above the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, down yonder, and turning the corner of the old inn we gaze in astonishment and awe into the terrible abysses below. It is not in our province to describe in detail the view from the summit: suffice it to say that it embraces the most beautiful uplands, the most rugged and awe-inspiring mountain scenery, blue lakes and rivers winding like silvery threads among forest-crowned ridges and fertile plains, while from east to west a frame is formed by the lofty glistening peaks of the snowy Alps—a view that is hardly surpassed in the world.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of this society, which finds hospitality at the Old Water Colour Society's Gallery (Pall-mall East), has seldom been more successful than this year. The marked progress, not only in technical skill but in artistic feeling, is, perhaps, to others than photographers the most interesting feature of the exhibition. It is, of course, very difficult for any but *connoisseurs* to recognise where the purely scientific part of photography commences in the various pictures exhibited, and it seems rather unfortunate that the society does not lay down specific rules by which competitors for its medals should be bound. To a certain extent, of course, the artistic beauty and success of each study is primarily due to science; and the improved lenses, the more sensitised plates and paper, and the wider range of chemicals go far to produce results which the most artistic photographer of ten years back would have been unable to realise. There nevertheless remains, outside and beyond the sharpness of outline, the delicacy of tone, and the softness of texture, scope for the true artist to show his power in photography, and, although these qualities may be intensified by the scientific "developer" or printer, the original sense of beauty is recognisable. In such works as Mr. George Davison's studies of English life (7-13) we have a rare instance of the combination of artistic feeling with the modern resources of photographic science, especially in such works as the "Osier Gatherers" (11), "Albury Heath" (10), and "A Breezy Corner" (13), in which three varieties of platinum printing are exemplified. For the study of ice and powerful rendering of a crevasse, Mr. Wynnard Hooper's enlargement (1) from a small negative is very remarkable, and should be compared with Mr. H. S. Butler's rendering of the "Upper Glacier at Grindelwald" (269), although neither of these gentlemen can rival the very delicate specimens of Alpine scenery in platinumotype exhibited by Captain Abney, C.B. (250-257). Another competitor, and one who has found favour in the eyes of his judges—whose own works are apparently regarded as *hors concours*—is Mr. Lyddell Sawyer, who sends some capital riverside and quayside sketches (82-86), of which the most satisfactory is "Dangerous Company" (84), a young man in a punt talking to a girl on the wooded bank of a stream. From the same artist there is also a set of street studies from Antwerp (52), which are sharp and distinct; but for quayside studies those of Mr. Frank Sutcliffe (136-144) are by far the most varied in their arrangement and effects. Messrs. Green's studies of "Buttermere" (176) and "The Head of Derwentwater" (178) show to what extremes landscape photography can be pushed; and the views in Ilkley Woods (120), by the Photographic School of Military Engineering, are among the most successful studies of foliage, although they fall short of the marvellous delicacy of Mr. J. Gale's "Sleepy Hollow" (494) and "Returning from the Plough" (512), as reproduced by the Typo-Engraving Company. The "Sunland Studies" (323) of Mr. J. W. Holcombe, Mr. David Clark's "Interior of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet" (342), and Mr. Clæster Jervis's open-air studies (394-397), are

also highly deserving of credit. Among the portraits and figure studies, Mr. Robert Faulkner's instantaneous studies of children (392) and portrait of Professor Blackie (480) are the most noteworthy, for Mr. Ralph Robinson's series of Royal Academicians and Associates "at home," although interesting, do not seem to rise much above the ordinary amateur level. In the reproduction of works of art the Autotype Company and Mr. Fred. Hollyer undoubtedly occupy the first place, although we must also admit the claims of Goupilgravure as seen in the rendering of Mr. Ridgway Knight's "Appel au Passeur" (492), and the very curious effect of a "Moonlit Sea" (491), printed in colours from a single plate. We have scarcely done more than glance at a few of the interesting things brought together at this exhibition, which merits the careful attention of that constantly increasing body of amateur photographers, for they will find here a field in which amateurs and professionals may compete on equal terms.

## THE LATE MISS ELIZA COOK.

This lady, who died on Monday, Sept. 23, at her residence, Beech House, Thornton Hill, Wimbledon, was nearly seventy-seven years of age, having been born on Christmas Eve, 1812, the youngest of eleven children of a tradesman in Southwark. She early showed a talent for poetical composition. About the year 1838 her poems found their way into the *New Monthly*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Metropolitan*, and other periodicals. In 1840 appeared her first volume of collected pieces, under the title of "Melania," and other poems, which speedily found favour in England and in America, especially with the working classes, on account of the large-hearted, liberal, and philanthropic opinions which she expressed in verse. She more than sustained her reputation by the *Journal* which bore her name,



THE LATE MISS ELIZA COOK.

and which she published weekly from 1849 down to 1854, when it was discontinued. She subsequently published "Jottings for my Journal" (1860), "New Echoes" (1864), and also a collection of her "Poetical Works," which has passed through many editions. Since 1864 she has been in receipt of a literary pension of £100 a year.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Mr. William Barber, Q.C., and Mr. Robert Melville have been appointed County Court Judges.

Captain the Hon. D. J. Monson has accepted the office of Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, vacant by the death of the late Major Dickson, M.P.; and Mr. George T. Rait has been elected Deputy Chairman.

In September twenty-three certificates of naturalisation were granted to aliens by the Home Secretary under the provisions of the Naturalisation Act 1870. Of these aliens, ten are described as coming from Germany, four from Prussia, two each from Austria and Russia, and one each from Bavaria, Denmark, Italy, Morocco, and Turkey.

Reports to hand from the Congo state that the Congo Government is opening an hotel and trading store at Boma, where it is expected the cash spent on labour during the making of the proposed railway will chiefly find its home. In the Upper Congo the agents of the State are said to be trading in ivory, and putting every kind of restrictions on private traders, who are greatly incensed thereby. The Consuls who were to have been appointed by the signatories of the Berlin Treaty, in order to see that the obligations then entered into were faithfully carried out, have not yet been nominated, and in consequence it is said the provisions of that Treaty are being practically ignored and evaded by officials of both the Congo Free State and the Portuguese Government.

The Ceylon papers announce the death of an elephant named Sella, which had served the Public Works Department for over sixty-five years, and had worked in various parts of the island under different circumstances for an unknown period. Originally Sella belonged to the last of the Kings of Kandy, Sri Wickrema Rajah Singha, and was one of about one hundred elephants which passed to the British Government in 1815, when the Kandyan dynasty was overthrown and the whole island passed under British rule. It was supposed that Sella was fifteen years of age at this time, but this is surmise. His two friends, with which he usually worked, and which fell to the Government at the same time, died twenty-five years ago. In 1880 it was decided to sell all the elephants belonging to the Public Works Department, and Sella fell to a well-known resident of Colombo, Mr. De Soysa. The animal was a tusk, very docile, and worked steadily all his life. It aided in several *keddah* operations for the capture and taming of wild elephants, but became totally blind about three years ago. Notwithstanding this, he continued to work at the plough until within a short time of his death. After death, the tusks were removed, and measured 5 ft. in length: the height of the animal being 8 ft. He was well known to successive generations of British residents in Colombo.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

Some of the advantages of living now-a-days are obvious enough. People are fond of dwelling on the past, when England was merry and "every rood of ground maintained its man"; or possibly they look back with some faint desire to the time when the noble savage ran wild in the woods and Prince Voltigern wore a painted vest "which from a naked Pict his grandsire won." There may have been much that was romantic in earlier ages, but there was much that was uncomfortable. It was interesting to go abroad in search of adventures, and to be able by the strength of your arm to deliver a fair lady from the grasp of robbers; but in your absence your castle was probably sacked and your wife carried off by freebooters.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the life,  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name,

is a verse that makes the blood bound, but fighting had its drawbacks, and to be forced to fight upon one's stumps like Witherington was more painful than pleasant. The simple plan, so admirably carried out in the Dark Ages, that he should take who had the power and he should keep who can, was agreeable enough to the man who took, but to keep what was taken demanded wakeful nights and toilsome days.

As civilisation advanced, pious people burnt each other, no doubt from the most amiable motives; and if a man happened to think for himself his life was threatened, at one time by the Protestant and at another time by the Roman Catholic. That easy-going monarch Charles II., who took a pension from France and allowed the cannon of the Dutch Navy to be heard in the Thames, was cruel from indolence and indifference; but neither Puritan nor Covenanter had much reason to complain, since both when they had the power were intolerant and brutal. Would you like to have lived in an age when clergymen were imprisoned for using the Prayer Book, and Irish women had their noses chopped off because they were Roman Catholics? Or in an age when scores of women were burnt for witchcraft; when jail fever, small-pox, and the plague decimated the population, and hundreds of people were hanged every year for the most trivial thefts? No; I prefer my own age to that of the seventeenth century, or, indeed, to the eighteenth, when heads adorned Temple Bar, when young boys and girls were hanged by the cartload, and the innocent amusements of the people were bull-baiting and cock-fighting. Doubtless the present age has its drawbacks. It is somewhat of a lawless age, and what our masters may do in the future it is impossible to say; but at present some respect is awarded to intellect and even to birth, though perhaps more homage is paid to wealth than to either. The nineteenth century has many faults; but in the main I prefer it to its predecessors.

For comforts and conveniences, from the penny post to railways, telegrams, and hansom cabs, the present age has much to be said in its favour. If we are ill, too, many are the remedies against pain of which our forefathers knew nothing; and a surgical operation can be performed unknown to the patient. We come into the world with less trouble, and go out of it with less suffering. In society there is not so much stiffness and formality; in solitude there are infinitely better resources. And the interest of life is greater since the range of topics affecting us is immensely extended. If you doubt this you have but to refer to some old-fashioned Encyclopædia. One of the chief pleasures of modern life is the capacity for travel. Money and leisure are still needed, but we can see more in a month than our fathers could in three, and spend less in three months than they spent in one. If, on the other hand, we prefer staying at home, what with politics, literature, science, Volunteer-drill, lawn-tennis, and church bazaars, there is a fulness of occupation unknown to our great-grandfathers. The other day an old lady regretted she should not live long enough to know what would become of Ireland and Home Rule; and women, who once lived only to work samplers, make pictures in worsted-work, flirt, marry, and nurse their babies, are now talking politics, playing at cricket in the business-like style of their brothers, and rivalling them at the same time in University studies. A father may have a daughter who takes her degree, and knows more of the Greek drama than he does. Nay, more, he may be blest with one who proclaims the rights of women upon platforms—a privilege undreamt of in former years! Think, too, of the many opportunities there are of displaying our benevolence. The charity of the age is not like the faint glimmer of a candle, but shines with the blaze of gas. No longer can it be said that we "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." Moreover, if we have a thirst for notoriety, it is always possible to do something which will bring the Interviewer to our door. A little aggressiveness, some pluck and some ambition, may even secure to us a paragraph in a society paper.

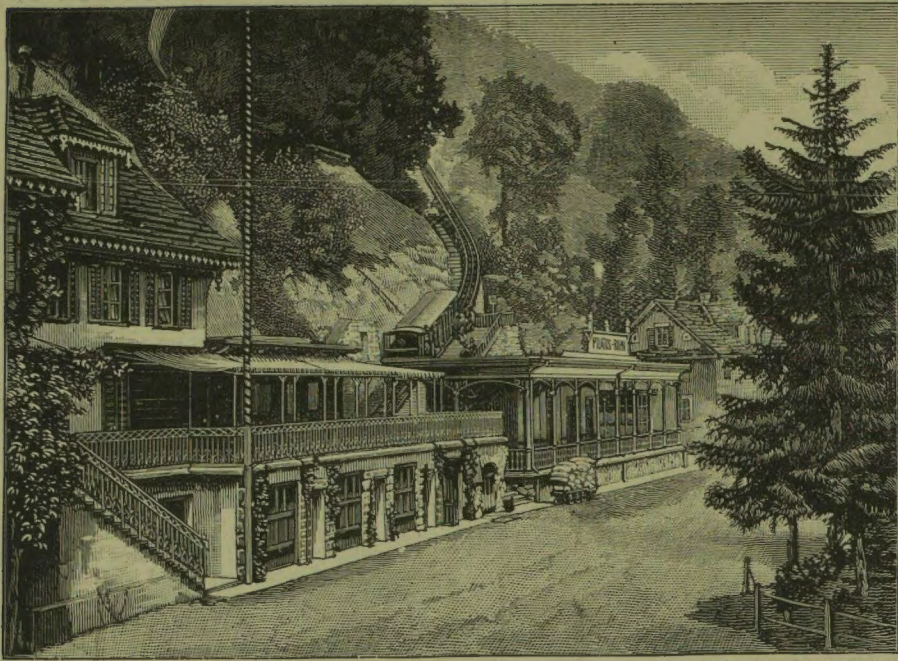
Then we know more of Nature, and can dissect objects which in former years we could only ignorantly enjoy. Campbell said that the spirits of our fathers would start from every wave, but that was a poetical expression; in these days, if we may believe the Spiritualists, they can be raised in every drawing-room; and at the Congress lately held in Paris a delegate from New York affirmed that he was "the representative of twelve million spirits"—a heavy responsibility, truly, and an honour peculiar to our age; but how the American Spiritualist became acquainted with the number of his constituents he omitted to relate. In former years, too, a man bent upon improving his mind had to do it under difficulties. Books were expensive, teachers were few, and learning was confined within a contracted circle. Now we have but to choose our studies, and text-books, lecturers, and "coaches" are at hand to carry us over the ground smoothly. We can conquer with but little fighting, and win laurels without the physical and mental struggles with which in olden days a student was familiar. The road to knowledge is well paved, and the sole discomfort is that it is overcrowded with people who travel upon it, not from the pure love of learning, but in order to gain a position in life.

It must be owned that there are some aspects of the present age which it is far from pleasant to contemplate. For nineteen centuries has peace on earth and good will to men been proclaimed, and yet, despite all the wisdom and piety of a period that professes to have a larger sympathy for human suffering than was known in a less civilised age, the nations of Europe are armed against each other as they have never been armed before, and some millions of men are being daily drilled for a conflict that is said to be inevitable. England, thanks to her strip of silver sea, and to a navy which, like a good watchdog, protects the house by its bark, and has no wish to bite, may not be drawn into the conflict; but it is not cheering to think of contingencies that may arise to trouble us under the rotten condition of European society.

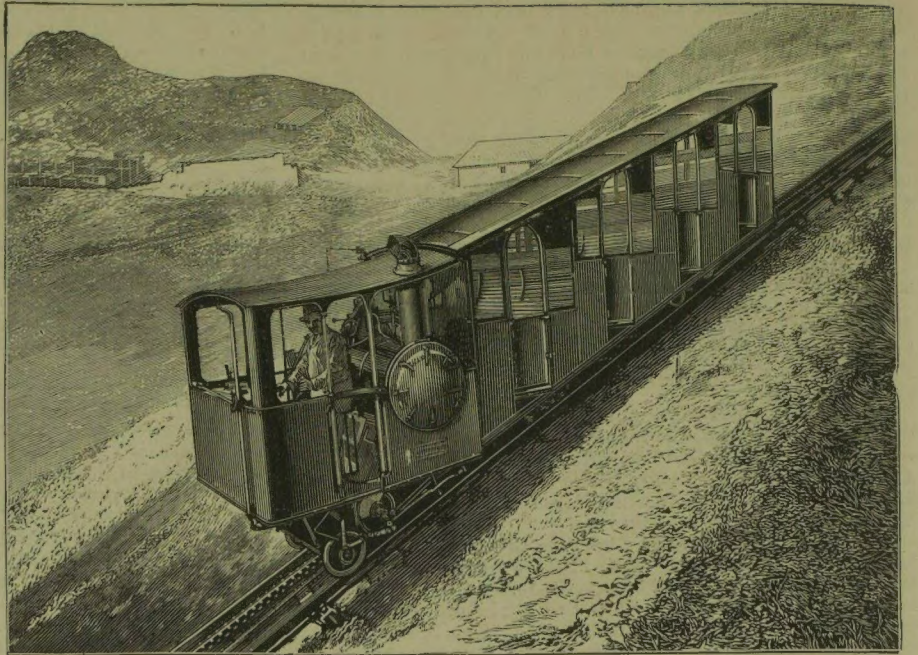
Every age, however, has had its special difficulties to contend with, and if we have our full share we have also strength enough to meet them. The living age is one of hope, and therefore of splendid possibilities. This is another reason for liking it better than its predecessors.

J. D.

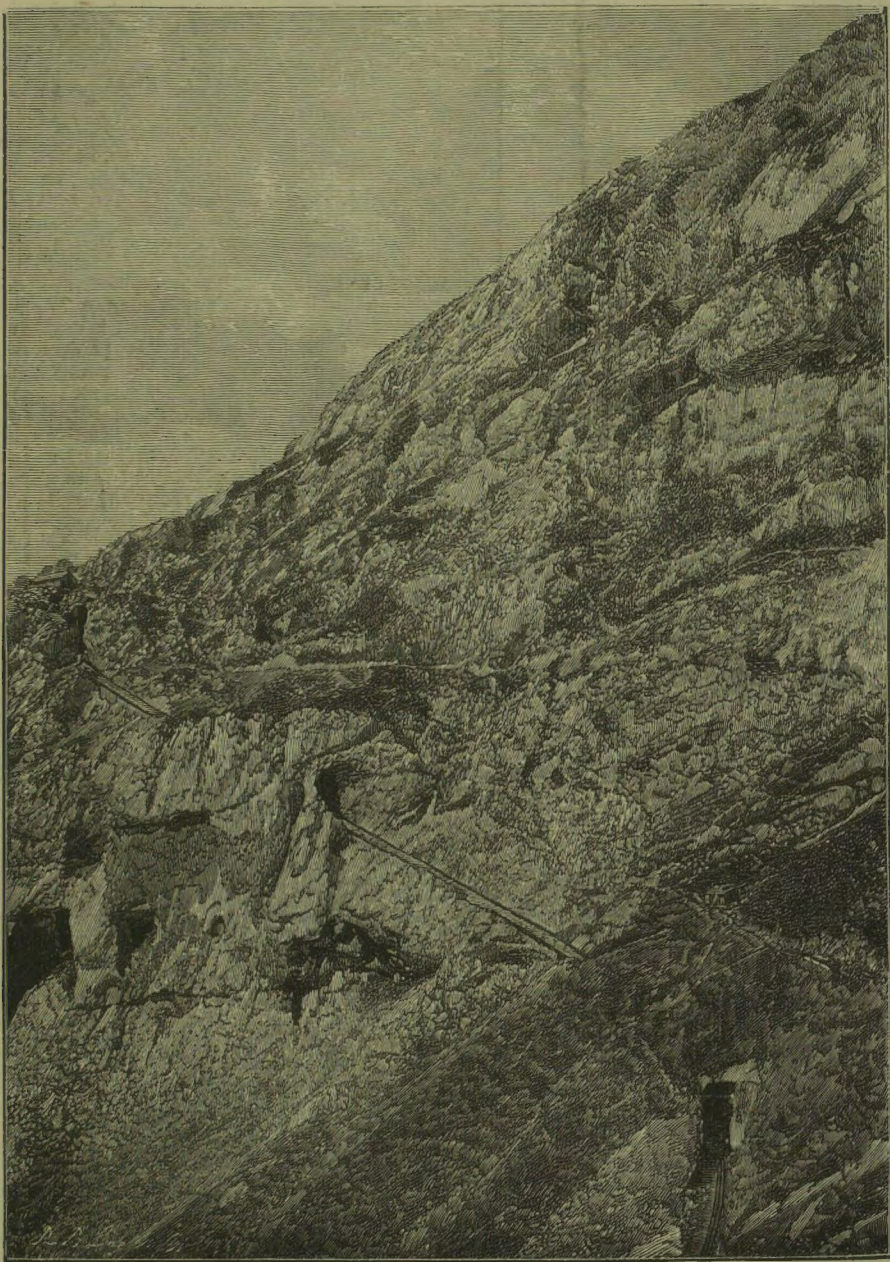




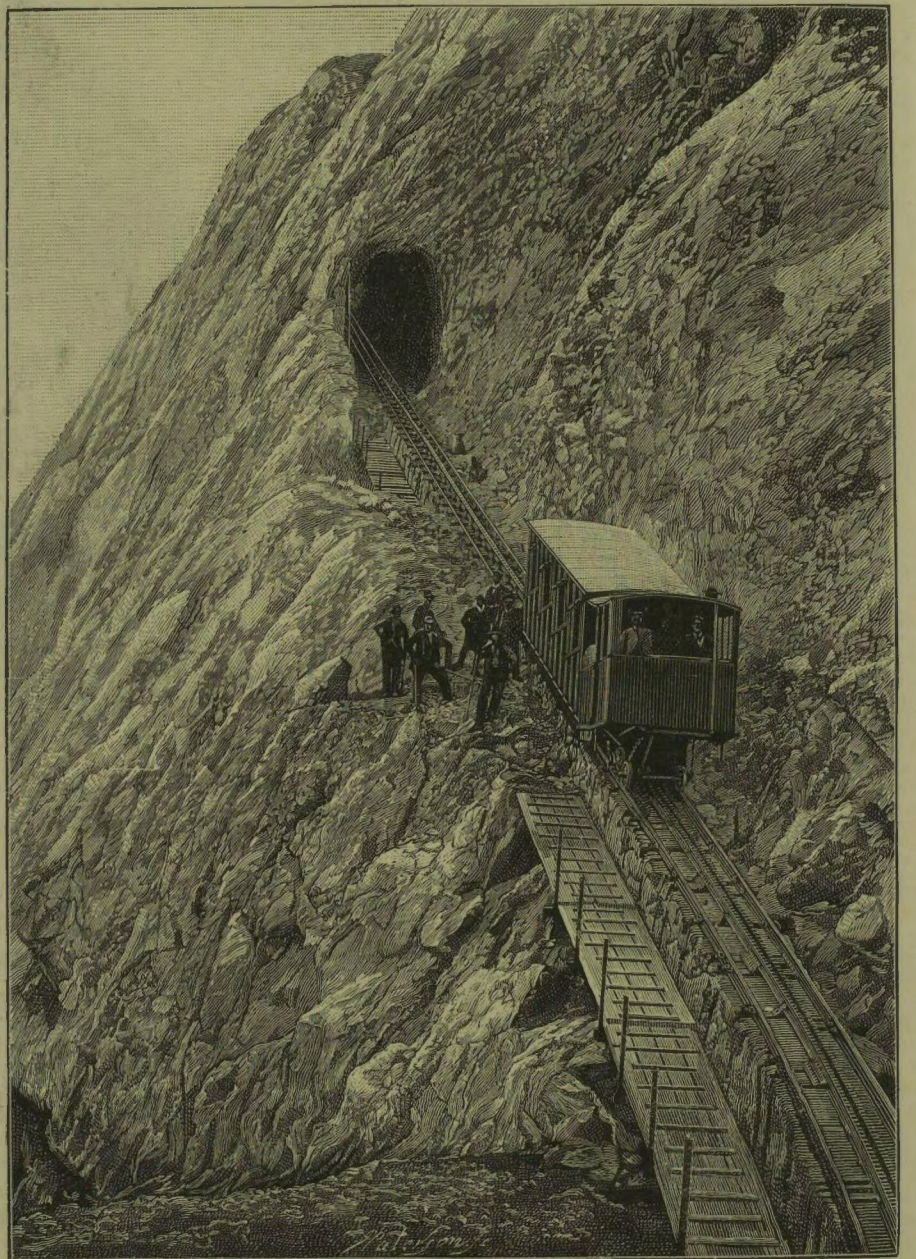
STATION AT ALPNACH.



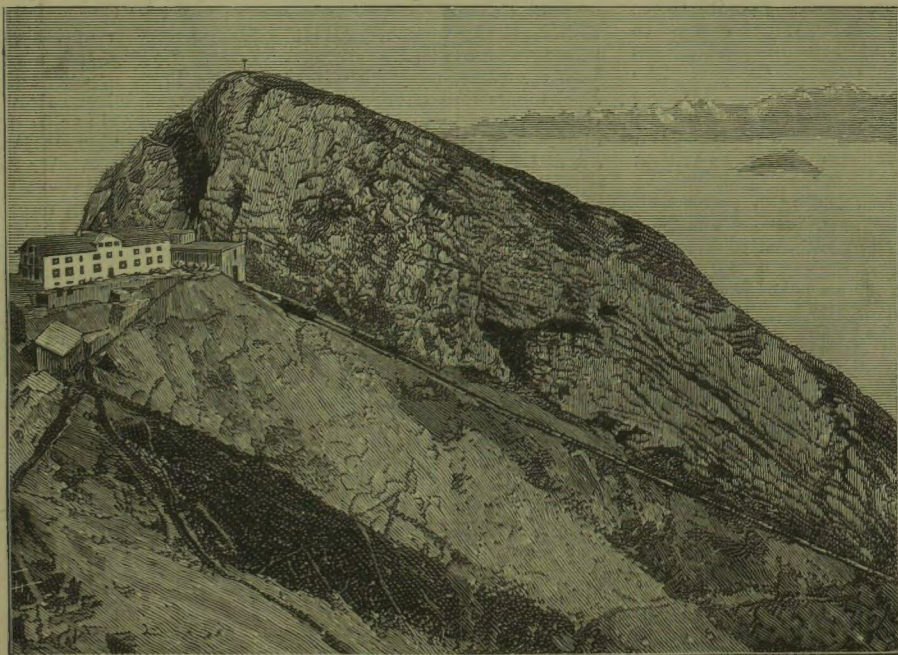
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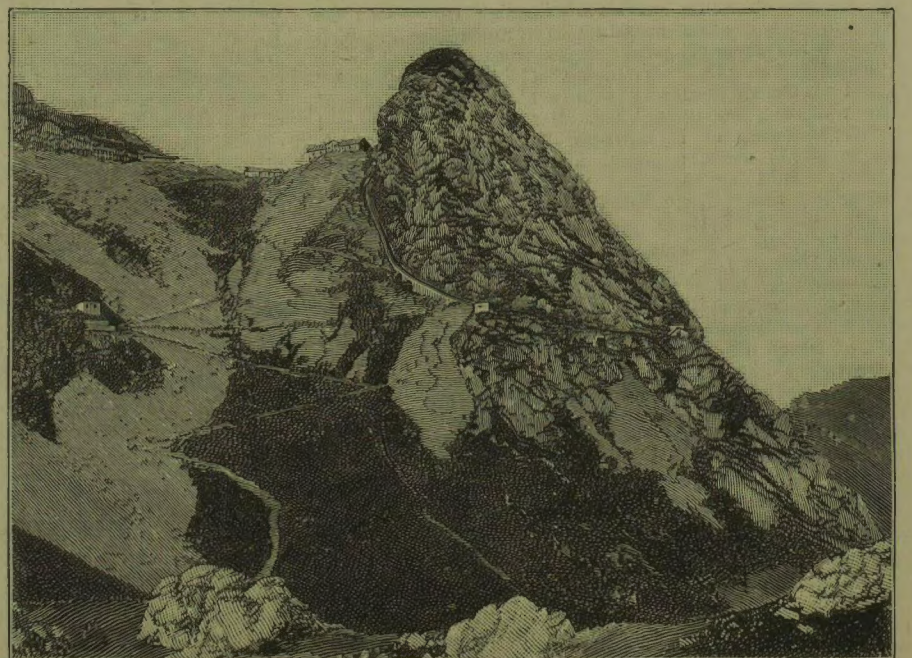
THE ESELWAND.



SECOND TUNNEL.



HOTEL BELLEVUE, NEAR THE SUMMIT.



THE ESEL SUMMIT.





IN CLOVER.

BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.



## MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

*National Review*.—The expediency of granting an endowment, by an Act of Parliament, to an Irish Roman Catholic University is discussed by Mr. F. C. Conybeare. Certain faults of affected singularity and overstrained conception, in the novels of Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. George Meredith, are condemned by a severe critic, who distinguishes them as "fiction, plethoric, and anæmic." Mr. W. Greswell and Mr. Edward Salmon review the progress of opinion with regard to "Imperial Federation," or the Crown and the Colonies. The American apostle of "Theosophy," Colonel Olcott, descants on the claims of that mystic creed which has found disciples in India. "Women and Tobacco" is an essay written by a lady who considers that men, while they smoke, are secretly aware that it is bad for them, and who deprecates the habit for her own sex. Mr. G. Rome Hall examines the state of mind of "the British workman," and finds it too amenable to Socialist doctrine. Sportsmen and naturalists may read with interest Mr. John Watson's account of wild ducks and the construction of decoys for them. On the education of the blind and the deaf and dumb, Mr. C. E. D. Black, secretary to the late Royal Commission, sets forth an instructive collection of facts.

*Contemporary Review*.—The triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy is examined by a writer calling himself "Outidanos," who argues that Italy had better not have part in it. Missionary colleges in India are defended against recent strictures by the Rev. Dr. W. Miller, Principal of one of those institutions. Mr. Austin Dobson reviews Mr. G. A. Aitken's biography of Steele. The naval manoeuvres of this year and last year are discussed by Colonel Maurice with a view to plans for national defences. Mr. James Runciman's investigations of the vice of drunkenness yield valuable truth. The powers and performances of the American State Legislatures are explained by Dr. Albert Shaw. Of Shakespeare's "Small Latin and Less Greek" stock is taken by Mr. H. Arthur Kennedy. The further demolition of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy occupies Mr. W. S. Lilly in a second article. Captain Sinclair descants on the sanitary care of soldiers in our army, as a point of public economy. Mr. Justin McCarthy insists that the question of endowing an Irish Roman Catholic University must be left to an Irish Home Rule Parliament.

*Nineteenth Century*.—The disparaging remarks of Sir Lepel Griffin on the administration of the Native States of India call forth a reply from the Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad, Mohsin-ul-Mulk, or Mehdi Ali, who proves, what we have understood to be the fact, that his own State is pretty well governed. Mr. Churton Collins surveys the field open to the Universities for extending the benefits of liberal education to the people at large. The effacement of picturesque and romantic medieval features in Rome, by the unsparing haste of street-improvers and house-builders, is deplored by Mrs. Henry Ady, while she commends the efforts of Italian official archaeologists in clearing and exploring the sites of the ancient Imperial city. Mr. Gladstone offers some comments on the singular autobiographical confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff, a Russian young lady of vehement artistic aspirations, who died a few years ago. The past progress and actual position of Irish Land-Law Reform are set forth with much exactness by Mr. T. W. Russell. An inquiry, by Dr. Collier, concerning the degree of sensibility to pain in the inferior animals, has a certain ethical importance. The collection of national war-songs, words and music, furnished by Miss Laura Smith, is of some historical interest. Sir Edward Strachey gives examples of the memorable associations belonging to old English country-houses. A thoughtful and useful article on the training of children, by Mrs. Waller, daughter of Professor Huxley, is worth reading. "Lady Toad," the "Frau Kröte" of a quaint local legend at Dessau, connected with the ancestry of the Princes of Anhalt, serves Professor Max Müller for the text of an instructive treatise on popular mythology. Mr. Graham Sandberg's account of Llása, or Lassa, the sacred capital of the Lamas of Thibet, supplies much valuable information. Poachers of our river fisheries, with their various tricks and devices, are exposed in detail by Mr. John Watson. The Rev. Guinness Rogers maintains that the (Gladstonian) Liberal party is bound to win before long.

*Universal Review*.—Mr. W. T. Stead also predicts the political victory in store for "The Liberalism of To-morrow." An able analysis, by Mr. A. W. Verrall, of the "Andromache" of Euripides, throws light on the contemporary movement of Greek life and sentiment. Greek imaginative conception is differently illustrated by Mr. G. R. Tomson's classical poem of "Marpessa." Professor Herkomer gives an account of his interesting Art College at Bushey, followed by articles on the Royal Academy Schools of Art; on "Sympathy, Craftsmanship, and Design" (Mr. Walter Crane), on the training of the student (Sir James Linton), and on public indifference to academic teaching, by the editor, Mr. Harry Quilter; which last will be continued. Mr. George Brooks contributes an extremely unfavourable description of the manner in which the Presidential election is conducted by party agents in the United States. Certain French poets of the nineteenth century are subjected to ethical and æsthetic scrutiny as examples of "Melancholy in Literature." Mr. Otto Brahm treats of a more agreeable subject, the boyhood of Schiller. Mr. Edward Garnett's painful story, "Light and Shadow," is concluded. This magazine is adorned with fine engravings of ideal and original design.

*The New Review*.—Lord Tennyson's new poem is not to be quoted; but it consists of sixteen lines, containing less than one hundred words, if we deduct the repetitions of "Summer is coming," "I know it," and "New, new, new." This is the discourse of "The Throstle," who is called a "wild little poet" and a "crazy prophet," we suppose because it is published in October. We are further told that, as yet, there is "hardly a daisy," and that is all. Grave topics are treated, in several articles, by persons who ought to have something important to say about them: the Great Strike, by Cardinal Manning and Mr. John Burns; the Indian Frontier, by Sir Richard Temple; Whitechapel, by the Rev. S. A. Barnett; the Shah, by Professor Vambéry; Commerce and War, by Mr. F. Greenwood. Mr. Oswald Craufurd pleasantly describes Oporto; and Mr. T. P. O'Connor has something to say for what he proclaims to be "The New Journalism." On most of these subjects, however, the reader may reserve his own opinions. Lady Middleton and Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming have extracted some curious anecdotes of family history from the muniments of Wollaton Hall.

*Murray's Magazine*.—Archdeacon Farrar expounds the project of Church of England "Brotherhoods of the Poor." Mrs. Kendal follows up her pleasing reminiscences of a theatrical career with very encouraging remarks on the professional chances of women gifted with the talents required by the stage. A Scottish domestic tale, "The Minister of Kindrach," is finished. Mr. W. M. Acworth describes the railway connections and local passenger traffic of Glasgow. The Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, with the performance of "Parsifal" this year, is commended by an admirer of the mystic musical drama. Mrs. A. Tweedie relates a visit to Pasteur's

institution for the study and treatment of canine rabies in Paris. "A Turkish Land-grabber," by Mr. Vincent Caillard, exhibits the atrocious iniquity and cruelty lately practised in the Albanian provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Mr. F. Brierley's critical essay on Rabelais has considerable merit. The derisive notice of a silly Frenchman's account of his visit to London is scarcely wiser, or in better taste, than the insignificant publication to which it refers. "Falsely True" is a short story of a misconducted love-affair, in which two friends, loving the same girl, failed to perceive which of them was loved by her.

*English Illustrated Magazine*.—Mr. Algernon Swinburne's poem on the Sussex seacoast has a stately beauty, an opulence of expressive diction, and a rhetorical symmetry that would charm the reader more but for its lack of simplicity, and its cumbrous system of versification. Lord Lytton commences a weird romance, "The Ring of Amasis," which already develops the element of imaginative interest. Sir F. Dickson's description of Ceylon, Mrs. Jeune's account of the employment of children in theatres, and Mrs. Molesworth's observations on the training and habits of English girlhood, are deserving of perusal. The article on Ceylon, also Mr. W. A. S. Benson's account of the embossing of metal, and a description of the Wagner performances at Bayreuth, are copiously illustrated. Some alterations now made in the printing and arrangement of this magazine will be generally approved, rendering it quite as acceptable as the excellent American monthly publications of this class.

*Blackwood's Magazine*.—"Master of His Fate," by Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban, is a marvellous story of the effects of electrical manipulation on the human constitution. Mr. T. E. Kebbel's essay on the art of shooting is more than a mere review of Mr. Lancaster's recent book, and treats largely of gunnery as a field-sport. "St. Dyfrig's City," which is Llandaff, suggests interesting studies of the ancient history of South Wales. The story of "Lady Baby" is continued. There is a full report of the facts ascertained by the Scottish Highland Crofter Commission. Lord Brabourne strives to show the untenable position of the Liberal Party. A short poem, by Mr. J. B. Selkirk, on the changes in Yarrow during the past half-century is fraught with reminiscences of Scottish rural life. The late Naval Manœuvres, with their lessons of strategy and tactics, are reviewed by a competent writer.

*Macmillan's Magazine*.—Mr. W. Clark Russell's fine marine romance, called "Marooned," which narrates the adventures of a gentleman and lady cast on an uninhabited island in the Gulf of Mexico, is brought to a conclusion; it has already been published by Messrs. Macmillan in three volumes. A musical and dramatic criticism of Verdi's last opera, "Otello," estimates its merits very highly. The memoir of Mr. Archibald Prentice, a Manchester journalist who died in 1857, though he was a very worthy man and one of the founders of the Anti-Corn Law League, seems rather needless at this time. Mr. Theodore Bent's visit to the Greek schools and colleges on the isle of Chalki, in the Sea of Marmora, near Constantinople, serves to illustrate the habits and ideas of that intelligent race. English birds of prey, an intelligent chapter of natural history, Mrs. Oliphant's story of "Kirsteen," and Mr. Goldwin Smith's exposure of the political victories of the Roman Catholic Church in Lower Canada, are the remaining articles.

*Longman's Magazine*.—"The Bell of St. Paul's," by Mr. Walter Besant, the story of a family of decayed gentlefolk leading an odd sequestered life at Bankside, is nearly finished; and their young Australian kinsman, Laurence Waller, is going to put all to rights. Mr. Brander Matthews, in his thoughtful essay on the difficulty of adapting the plots of novels for dramatic pieces on the stage, puts forth more just and true principles of literary criticism than are commonly recognised. "The Devil's Due," by Miss E. Nesbit, is a striking religious poem. "Waiting for the Khiva," a short story told in a few brief passages of dialogue, has novelty at least of form. A meteorologist, Mr. H. Harries, explains the phenomena of the "Föhn," a peculiar sudden and violent wind blowing off high mountain ranges. Mr. W. E. Norris proceeds with his tale of "Mrs. Fenton," which he calls not a novel but a sketch.

*Cornhill Magazine*.—Mr. James Payn is far on with his story of "The Burnt Million"; while that of "The County" reaches its termination. Anecdotes of old Court jesters, "Mostly Fools," are collected by a literary annotator who is fain to confess that they are not very amusing. The administration of justice and police by English Magistrates in the Fiji Islands is described by an eye-witness. "Lady Betty's Indiscretion" is a little tale not without merit, but there is no great force in it, or in "The Hundred Gates." The treatise on the growth and spread of weeds is good. The poetical meditations on London from Hampstead Heath are in a rather morbid sentimental tone.

The following magazines are deserving of notice, as usual, for the variety of useful or amusing papers they contain: *Woman's World*, *Atalanta*, *Temple Bar*, *Time*, *London Society*, *Belgravia*, *Argosy*, and *Tinsley's*; the *Newbery House Magazine*; *Good Words*, *Leisure Hour*, and *Cassell's*; *Harper's Monthly*, *Century*, and *Scribner's* (from New York); *Naval and Military Magazine* and *United Service Magazine*; the *Theatre*, edited by Mr. Clement Scott; *Illustrations*, conducted by Mr. F. G. Heath; *The Sun*, *All the Year Round*, *Fores' Sporting Notes*, *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*, and the *Ladies' Treasury*. Of the leading Reviews one or two had not reached us in time for notice this week.

Mr. Chaplin, the new Minister of Agriculture, has been elected for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire by a majority of 1308, receiving 4386 votes, against 3078 recorded for his Gladstonian opponent, Mr. Otter.—Mr. John Leng, Gladstonian, has been returned, unopposed, as member for Dundee, in the place of the late Mr. Firth.

In a letter to the Chairman of the Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes, which was founded by the late Mr. Richard Cobden, the Prince of Wales expresses an earnest hope that the efforts now being made to extend the field of operations by the further development of secondary education may be completely successful.

Mr. Herbert Ward, one of the old pupils at the Millhill School, gave a lecture on Sept. 26 in the Lecture Hall of that institution, descriptive of his share in Mr. H. M. Stanley's African explorations. There was a large audience, and the statements made by the lecturer were illustrated by maps and photographic views, taken by Mr. Ward himself, delineating scenes traversed by wood, water, and plain, and picturing the natives in their varied costumes and occupations as the traveller had come across them in different parts of the "Dark Continent." There was also upon the platform an interesting collection of native products, including the skins and ornaments worn by different tribes, the shields and weapons used by them in times of war, the musical and other implements employed in more peaceful pursuits, and a number of the gods, or fetish images, which are the objects of native worship.

## A SEMI-SUBURBAN VILLAGE.

The village lies, perhaps, twelve miles from London, so that, on clear days, one can make out dimly from the chalk downs above it some of the taller towers of the great city. But still it is an old-world spot, almost untouched by the hand of the spoiler, and between the older village and the raw new settlement that has sprung up round the railway station, lie thick screens of trees, which effectually shut out all that is modern and hideous. The village itself straggles irregularly along a blind road—in width little more than a lane—at the end of which a quiet footpath leads us on through pleasant meadows, and past the red-brick wall of what were once the gardens of the "great house"—an old wall bulging from age, and upheld only by mighty buttresses—to the village church. Each little cottage has its plot of garden, gay with old-fashioned flowers—spotted tiger-lilies, sweet-smelling night-stocks, and the old familiar sunflowers—despised for so long in the gardens of the rich, but never banished from those of the poor. Here, too, is the old village post-office, the glory of the place—a group of white-washed gables, with a queer little trap-door in one of the windows, to which you reach up, standing on a rude wooden bench, to buy ginger-beer or penny stamps. These same gables remember, perhaps, the reign of James or Elizabeth—may even have looked down on a progress of the Virgin Queen herself, for we know that in the old times she was a guest at the "great house"; and have we not still, though of late years the winds have made cruel gaps among its elms, the fragments of "Our Ladye Walk"?

Beyond the many-gabled post-office the road bends round with a rather sudden dip, descending which we pass a typical forge, to where the highway runs side by side with an unfenced stream. It is a clear little river, flowing over a pebbly floor, with here and there a mass of deep green water-weed, among whose forest-like recesses the beetles and water-spiders play at hide-and-seek, and overhung on the farther side by a tangled line of brambles, between whose roots in the early spring "burn" the bright-orange blossoms of the marsh marigold or king-cup. In the north such a stream as this would be merely a "beck" or "burn"; but here, where watercourses are rare, it is allowed the full dignity of a river—and a famous little river too, for does not Master Camden tell us that "it abounds in the best trouts"? and does it not turn more mills than any other stream of its own size in the kingdom?—snuff and flour and paper mills—and then, as it flows nearer the Thames, an iron-foundry or a tan-yard. And in this open reach the women come to draw their water for washing-day, and the children to fish for sticklebacks and miller's thumbs—the former a charming little fish, and not least the male, with his gallant red breast and formidable row of spines. And here sometimes among the weeds we come across a stray trout, though the proper home of these is in the more secluded portions of the stream, where they grow to noble size and cut up with a peculiar pink colour—a fish very dear to epicures.

A foot-bridge is flung across the river at the village ford. It is a slight wooden structure with a single hand-rail, and pleasant withal to linger on, for it commands tempting views up and down stream. Near here the main path becomes a kind of raised causeway, bordered by a rank growth of nettles, with a jealously high wall on the right, and the river on the left—the shallow bed of the latter being utilised for some hundred yards or so for the road, so that we can trace the wheel-ruts along the sandy bottom. A little higher up the water emerges from two cool, dark tunnels, where an old timbered mill is built across the brook; and, just where it first flashes into daylight, a mighty horse-chestnut leans forward from the bank so as almost to trail its branches in the hurrying stream—a beautiful sight during the whole summer, but perhaps most beautiful in early spring, when the young leaves of vivid green have broken out for a fortnight or so from their sticky, reddish cases, yielding the pride of place only to the newly budded beeches, which latter, seen against a background of blue sky, form, perhaps, the loveliest study of early summer.

Through a piece of lattice-work we look in at the huge mill-wheels, which revolve with a slow, stately motion, suggesting a delicious coolness by their shower of sparkling water-drops. The walls of the wheel-chamber are damp and tagged with moss. Most wheels in this neighbourhood are undershot, and one can hear, but not see, the swift waters hurrying along their dark channel below, except when, as is not uncommonly the case, the wheel is placed outside the mill-buildings. In the north, where it is easier to find greater differences of level, the overshot system is the rule, and the effect is far more picturesque, as the water comes tumbling down the floats of the wheel, or, when the mill is not at work, shoots out of the race in a miniature cataract. The old village mill is partially in ruins, and what remains of it is used for sawing timber. Formerly snuff was made here—a quaint industry, and one once common on this river.

But now we must retrace our steps past the ford and the post-office, and down the blind lane, and so through the rich hay-meadows to where the old church and what was once the "great house" lie by themselves among the open fields. The churchyard wall, covered with green peltitory, and often sunken and bulging out of the straight line, is a pleasant place to linger by and listen to the cawing of the rooks in the great elms overhead, and so dream away the idle summer afternoon. Hard at hand is a mighty yew, under whose shadow no grass will grow, though all the ground is red with its innumerable sheddings; and here they built in the old days a square, gaunt, table-tomb, with armorial bearings and skulls and cross-bones, and all the ghastly emblems of death. Is the burying of the dead in such a place the origin of the old superstition that he who falls asleep beneath the yew-tree never wakes again? Some people, however, tell us that the yew emits a poisonous exhalation. Not far away is another table-tomb with one of the simplest, most touching inscriptions that I have anywhere seen—"Honest Robin Betterton," and a naked date. That is all.

From the churchyard it is but a step into the church—an exquisite little gem, for the Rector is a wealthy man, and neither care nor money has been spared in its restoration. Yet to us there is something far more pleasing in the still "God's Acre," with its many "natural graves," than in this highly finished edifice, where every window is blazing with coloured glass, and where on Sunday mornings the grand ladies from the big houses come to sit in state and follow the carefully rendered service. For here are the humble graves of simple peasants who lived out their lives before the big houses were built, and before London could be reached in half an hour, when this village was as remote from city influence as is now some retired hamlet in Yorkshire or in Cornwall.

From the chalk downs above the village one can see on a clear day the greater towers of London—a city, they tell us, which in its unbounded luxury has almost equalled the worst days of Rome; and yet here, under the stately elm-trees, among these dewy evening meadows, there is still worked out a type of life not so very far removed from the old country ideal—a life of simple interests and of sober enjoyments—of marryings and of burials, of kisses and of tears.—J. E. M.



## AMSTERDAM.

Instead of saying, as usual, that the city is built on the banks of a river—the river Y, or IJ, pronounced as "Eye"—which flows into the Zuyder Zee, let us ask the reader to believe that the thirty thousand houses of Amsterdam are built on the tops of hundreds of thousands of solid trunks of trees, which have, by the beaver-like industry of Dutchmen in past ages, been cut from the ancient forests of North Holland and Gelderland, brought to the shore of a wide estuary, and driven through a vast depth of mud and sand, forming about ninety small islands supported by closely set massive wooden piles, intersected by nearly seventy canals—an artificial imitation of the position of Venice. Such is Amsterdam, named from a dam which was constructed here, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, by the feudal Lords of the castle of Amstel, whose lordship was superseded, a hundred years later, by that of the more powerful Counts of Holland. The town, obtaining municipal self-government, and thriving by maritime commerce, grew up to be indeed the Venice of the North Sea and the Baltic, profiting much in trade by its comparative security from foreign attack within the upper recesses of the Zuyder Zee, and thereby absorbing the traffic of many neighbour seaports. Its prosperity was doubled, in a few years, by the desolating war between Spain and the revolted provinces of the Netherlands, especially by the ruin of Antwerp; and in the seventeenth century, until the war with England, it was the greatest commercial port of Northern Europe.

In our own times, Amsterdam as well as Antwerp has risen again to great and still increasing mercantile importance: the former is to Holland what the latter is to Belgium. Indeed, it is probable that the Belgian Revolution of 1830, by which the two kingdoms were made independent of each other, was eventually beneficial to the Dutch maritime chief city, which has now a population of 317,000. Amsterdam has got for itself, by the construction of the North Sea Canal, opened in 1876, direct access to the ocean for the largest ships. This grand ship canal had been preceded by another, made between 1819 and 1825, extending through North Holland from Amsterdam to the Helder, by which the circuitous navigation of the Zuyder Zee was avoided, with the shallows and sandbanks which were troublesome for such vessels as now carry on foreign trade. Amsterdam has therefore well earned its prosperity, both in the olden time and in these days, by extraordinary works of local improvement; and though its name has not the romantic associations of Venice, and it has not the same charms of Italian architecture and Italian sky, the spirit of its citizens, and their historic acts of valour and enterprise, bear comparison with those of the once-proud Mistress of the Adriatic. To English visitors, at any rate, this city ought to be one of the most interesting on the Continent, as it was the birthplace of ideas of civil and religious liberty, when the Stuarts reigned

in our own country, and the principles of the English Revolution of 1688, and of subsequent progress in constitutional freedom, were fostered by Dutch aid and instruction.

Amsterdam, though not beautiful, is a decidedly picturesque city, with its six broad canals, and numerous smaller waterways, crossed by 350 bridges, and overhung by endless rows of tall dark gable-roofed houses, many of them adorned with curious carved decorations, while two great dykes, with arches, palisades, and gates, and a broad fosse or moat, encompass the old town, forming a semicircle, which has its base on the river-shore. The shipping in the docks and basins there, and the barges and small craft everywhere in the canals, lying at the wharves for loading or unloading, seem to be mingled with

and he brought away with him a quantity of white heath which reminded him of his native mountains. Big icicles amazed his native companions, who thought their mouths were burnt when they attempted to bite this, to them, novel product of nature. Larks were plentiful, similar in flight and song to those of the old country. Several birds-of-paradise were obtained on the way up, one of them probably new. Specimens of the flora were naturally collected by an enthusiastic naturalist like Sir William. There are no trees within 1000 ft. of the top, which is bare rock or covered with grass. There are no snakes or other pests on the main range; but unfortunately game is very scarce also. The temperature ranged from freezing-point to 70 deg. in the sun.

the houses of the streets. In the centre, on the original "Dam," is a square containing the finest public edifices: the Royal Palace, which is magnificent, its interior state apartments being all of fine marble, and richly ornamented with sculpture; the Exchange, or Bourse, a stately Gothic church, and several monuments and statues. The museums and galleries of Amsterdam, as well as those of the Hague, afford an inexhaustible treat to the connoisseur of art in the study of the best examples of Dutch painting. But there are scenes of lively interest, with a characteristic quaintness, in the streets and among the people, on the crowded quays, in the bustling Kalverstraat, and in the pleasant parks and gardens; even in the Fish-market, of which a View is here presented, the aspect of this Dutch city is strikingly original, and the stranger will open his eyes.

## MOUNTAINEERING IN NEW GUINEA.

The Royal Geographical Society has received full particulars of Sir W. Macgregor's ascent of the hitherto unscaled Owen Stanley range, which includes the highest peak in British Australasia. On June 11 the party reached the highest crest of the range—13,121 ft. The mountain was named Mount Victoria. Sir William Macgregor also distributed names more or less known over many of the peaks within sight. Mount Albert Edward is the name bestowed on a peak 12,500 ft. high; Mount Scratchley rises to a height of 12,250 ft. The names of Parkes, Gillies, and other Australian notabilities have been given to peaks of humbler altitudes. The climate Sir William describes as foggy and unpleasant up to 8000 ft.; but, above that, clear blue sky and beautiful climate. "one of the finest in the world." The party were ten days over 10,000 ft., and never had a cloud above them. The sea coast was visible on both sides, that on the north being the more distant. But the country is much smoother on that side and the ascent of the mountain from the north apparently unobstructed and easy. From the point of Mount Victoria in the east to Mount Lilley in the west is a continuous unbroken crest of thirty miles, which was traversed by Sir William, who spent three and a half days on the summit. His eyes were gladdened by the sight of daisies, buttercups, and forget-me-nots,



THE FISH-MARKET IN AMSTERDAM.



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS.



On the next day Mountjoy heard news of Iris, which was not of a nature to relieve his anxieties. He received a visit from Fanny Mere.

The leave-taking of Mr. Vimpany, on the previous evening, was the first event which the maid had to relate. She had been present when the doctor said goodbye to the master and mistress. Business in London was the reason he gave for going away. The master had taken the excuse as if he really believed in it, and seemed to be glad to get rid of his friend. The mistress expressed her opinion that Mr. Vimpany's return to London must have been brought about by an act of liberality on the part of the most generous of living men. "Your friend has, as I believe, got some money from my friend," she said to her husband. My lord had looked at her very strangely when she spoke of Mr. Mountjoy in that way, and had

walked out of the room. As soon as his back was turned, Fanny had obtained leave of absence. She had carried out her intention of watching the terminus, and had seen Mr. Vimpany take his place among the passengers to London by the mail train.

Returning to the cottage, it was Fanny's duty to ascertain if her services were required in her mistress's room.

On reaching the door, she had heard the voices of my lord and my lady, and (as Mr. Mountjoy would perhaps be pleased to know) had been too honourable to listen outside, on this occasion. She had at once gone away, and had waited until she should be sent for. After a long interval, the bell that summoned her had been rung. She had found the mistress in a state of agitation, partly angry, and partly distressed; and had ventured to ask if anything unpleasant had happened. No reply was made to that inquiry. Fanny had silently performed the customary duties of the night-toilet, in getting my lady ready for bed; they had said good-night to each other, and had said no more.

In the morning (that present morning), being again in attendance as usual, the maid had found Lady Harry in a more indulgent frame of mind; still troubled by anxieties, but willing to speak of them now.

She had begun by talking of Mr. Mountjoy:—

"I think you like him, Fanny: everybody likes him. You will be sorry to hear that we have no prospect of seeing him again at the cottage." There she had stopped; something that she had not said, yet, seemed to be in her mind, and to trouble her. She was near to crying, poor soul, but struggled against it. "I have no sister," she said, "and no friend who might be like a sister to me. It isn't perhaps quite right to speak of my sorrow to my maid. Still, there is something hard to bear in having no kind heart near one—I mean, no other woman to speak to who knows what women feel. It is so lonely here—oh, so lonely! I wonder whether you understand me and pity me?" Never forgetting all that she owed to her mistress—if she might say so without seeming to praise herself—Fanny was truly sorry. It would have been a relief to her, if she could have freely expressed her opinion that my lord must be to blame, when my lady was in trouble. Being a man, he was by nature cruel to women; the wisest thing his poor wife could do would be to expect nothing from him. The maid was sorely tempted to offer a little good advice to this effect; but she was afraid of her own remembrances, if she encouraged them by speaking out boldly. It would be better to wait for what the mistress might say next.

Lord Harry's conduct was the first subject that presented itself when the conversation was resumed.

My lady mentioned that she had noticed how he looked, and how he left the room, when she had spoken in praise of Mr. Mountjoy. She had pressed him to explain himself—and she had made a discovery which proved to be the bitterest disappointment of her life. Her husband suspected her! Her husband was jealous of her! It was too cruel; it was an insult beyond endurance, an insult to Mr. Mountjoy as well as to herself. If that best and dearest of good friends was to be forbidden the house, if he was to go away and never to see her or speak to her again, of one thing she was determined—he should not leave her without a kind word of farewell; he should hear how truly she valued him; yes, and how she admired and felt for him! Would Fanny not do the same thing, in her place? And Fanny had remembered the time when she might have done it for such a man as Mr. Mountjoy. "Mind you stay indoors this evening, sir," the maid continued, looking and speaking so excitedly that Hugh hardly knew her again. "My mistress is coming to see you, and I shall come with her."

Such an act of imprudence was incredible. "You must be out of your senses!" Mountjoy exclaimed.

"I'm out of myself, sir, if that's what you mean," Fanny answered. "I do so enjoy treating a man in that way! The master's going out to dinner—he'll know nothing about it—and," cried the cool cold woman of other times, "he richly deserves it!"

Hugh reasoned and remonstrated, and failed to produce the slightest effect.

His next effort was to write a few lines to Lady Harry,

entreating her to remember that a jealous man is sometimes capable of acts of the meanest duplicity, and that she might be watched. When he gave the note to Fanny to deliver, she informed him respectfully that he had better not trust her. A person sometimes meant to do right (she reminded him), and sometimes ended in doing wrong. Rather than disappoint her mistress, she was quite capable of tearing up the letter, on her way home, and saying nothing about it. Hugh tried a threat next: "Your mistress will not find me, if she comes here; I shall go out to-night." The impenetrable maid looked at him with a pitying smile, and answered: "Not you!"

It was a humiliating reflection—but Fanny Mere understood him better than he understood himself.

All that Mountjoy had said and done in the way of protest, had been really dictated by consideration for the young wife. If he questioned his conscience, selfish delight in the happy prospect of seeing Iris again asserted itself, as the only view with which he looked forward to the end of the day. When the evening approached, he took the precaution of having his own discreet and faithful servant in attendance, to receive Lady Harry at the door of the hotel, before the ringing of the bell could summon the porter from his lodge. On calm consideration, the chances seemed to be in favour of her escaping detection by Lord Harry. The jealous husband of the stage, who sooner (or later) discovers the innocent (or guilty) couple, as the case may be, is not always the husband of the world outside the theatre. With this fragment of experience present in his mind, Hugh saw the door of his sitting-room cautiously opened, at an earlier hour than he had anticipated. His trustworthy representative introduced a lady, closely veiled—and that lady was Iris.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

GOOD-BYE TO IRIS.

Lady Harry lifted her veil, and looked at Mountjoy with sad entreaty in her eyes. "Are you angry with me?" she asked.

"I ought to be angry with you," he said. "This is very imprudent, Iris."

"It's worse than that," she confessed. "It's reckless and desperate. Don't say I ought to have controlled myself. I can't control the shame I feel when I think of what has happened. Can I let you go—oh, what a return for your kindness!—without taking your hand at parting? Come and

sit by me on the sofa. After my poor husband's conduct, you and I are not likely to meet again. I don't expect you to lament it as I do. Even your sweetness and your patience—so often tried—must be weary of me now."

"If you thought that possible, my dear, you would not have come here to-night," Hugh reminded her. "While we live, we have the hope of meeting again. Nothing in this world lasts, Iris—not even jealousy. Lord Harry himself told me that he was a variable man. Sooner or later he will come to his senses."

Those words seemed to startle Iris. "I hope you don't think that my husband is brutal to me!" she exclaimed, still resenting even the appearance of a reflection on her marriage, and still forgetting what she herself had said which justified a doubt of her happiness. "Have you formed a wrong impression?" she went on. "Has Fanny Mere innocently?"

Mountjoy noticed, for the first time, the absence of the maid. It was a circumstance which justified him in interrupting Iris—for it might seriously affect her if her visit to the hotel happened to be discovered.

"I understood," he said, "that Fanny was to come here with you."

"Yes! yes! She is waiting in the carriage. We are careful not to excite attention at the door of the hotel; the coachman will drive up and down the street till I want him again. Never mind that! I have something to say to you about Fanny. She thinks of her own troubles, poor soul, when she talks of me, and exaggerates a little without meaning it. I hope she has not misled you in speaking of her master. It is base and bad of him, unworthy of a gentleman, to be jealous—and he has wounded me deeply. But, dear Hugh, his jealousy is a gentle jealousy. I have heard of other men who watch their wives—who have lost all confidence in them—who would even have taken away from me such a trifle as this." She smiled, and showed to Mountjoy her duplicate key of the cottage door. "Ah, Harry is above such degrading distrust as that!—There are times when he is as heartily ashamed of his own weakness as I could wish him to be. I have seen him on his knees before me, shocked at his conduct. He is no hypocrite. Indeed, his repentance is sincere, while it lasts—only it doesn't last! His jealousy rises and falls, like the wind. He said last night (when the wind was high): 'If you wish to make me the happiest creature on the face of the earth, don't encourage Mr. Mountjoy to remain in Paris!' Try to make allowances for him!"



Lady Harry lifted her veil.



"I would rather make allowances, Iris, for you. Do you too wish me to leave Paris?"

Sitting very near to him—nearer than her husband might have liked to see—Iris drew away a little. "Did you mean to be cruel, in saying that?" she asked. "I don't deserve it."

"It was kindly meant," Hugh assured her. "If I can make your position more endurable by going away, I will leave Paris to-morrow."

Iris moved back again to the place which she had already occupied. She was eager to thank him (for a reason not yet

mentioned) as she had never thanked him yet. Silently and softly she offered her gratitude to Hugh, by offering her cheek. The irritating influence of Lord Harry's jealousy was felt by both of them at that moment. He kissed her cheek—and lingered over it. She was the first to recover herself.

"When you spoke just now of my position with my husband," she said, "you reminded me of anxieties, Hugh, in which you once shared, and of services which I can never forget."

Preparing him in those words for the disclosure which she

had now to make, Iris alluded to the vagabond life of adventure which Lord Harry had led. The restlessness in his nature which that life implied had latterly shown itself again; and his wife had traced the cause to a letter from Ireland, communicating a report that the assassin of Arthur Mountjoy had been seen in London, and was supposed to be passing under the name of Carrigeen. Hugh would understand that the desperate resolution to revenge the murder of his friend, with which Lord Harry had left England in the past time, had been urged into action once more. He had not concealed from Iris



*Mrs. Vimpany looked at him with horror in her eyes.*

that she must be resigned to his leaving her for a while, if the report which had reached him from Ireland proved to be true. It would be useless, and worse than useless, to remind this reckless man of the danger that threatened him from The Invincibles, if he returned to England. In using her power of influencing the husband who still loved her, Iris could only hope to exercise a salutary restraint in her own domestic interests, appealing to him for indulgence by careful submission to any exactions on which his capricious jealousy might insist. Would sad necessity excuse her, if she accepted

Mountjoy's offer to leave Paris, for the one reason that her husband had asked it of her as a favour?

Hugh at once understood her motive, and assured her of his sympathy.

"You may depend upon my returning to London to-morrow," he said. "In the meantime, is there no better way in which I can be of use to you? If your influence fails, do you see any other chance of keeping Lord Harry's desperate purpose under control?"

It had only that day occurred to Iris that there might be

some prospect of an encouraging result, if she could obtain the assistance of Mrs. Vimpany.

The doctor's wife was well acquainted with Lord Harry's past life, when he happened to be in Ireland; and she had met many of his countrymen with whom he had associated. If one of those friends happened to be the officious person who had written to him, it was at least possible that Mrs. Vimpany's discreet interference might prevent his mischievous correspondent from writing again. Lord Harry, waiting for more news, would in this event wait in vain. He would not



know where to go, or what to do next—and, with such a nature as his, the end of his patience and the end of his resolution were likely to come together.

Hugh handed his pocket-book to Iris. Of the poor chances in her favour, the last was to his mind the least hopeless of the two.

"If you have discovered the name of your husband's correspondent," he said, "write it down for me, and I will ask Mrs. Vimpany if she knows him. I will make your excuses for not having written to her lately; and, in any case, I answer for her being ready to help you."

As Iris thanked him and wrote the name, the clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour.

She rose to say farewell. With a restless hand she half-lowered her veil, and raised it again. "You won't mind my crying," she said faintly, trying to smile through her tears. "This is the saddest parting I have ever known. Dear, dear Hugh—good-bye!"

Great is the law of Duty; but the elder law of Love claims its higher right. Never, in all the years of their friendship, had they forgotten themselves as they forgot themselves now. For the first time her lips met his lips, in their farewell kiss. In a moment more, they remembered the restraints which honour imposed on them; they were only friends again. Silently, she lowered her veil. Silently, he took her arm and led her down to the carriage. It was moving away from them at a slow pace, towards the other end of the street. Instead of waiting for its return, they followed and overtook it. "We shall meet again," he whispered. She answered sadly: "Don't forget me."

Mountjoy turned back. As he approached the hotel he noticed a tall man crossing from the opposite side of the street. Not two minutes after Iris was on her way home, her jealous husband and her old friend met at the hotel door.

Lord Harry spoke first. "I have been dining out," he said, "and I came here to have a word with you, Mr. Mountjoy, on my road home."

Hugh answered with formal politeness: "Let me show your lordship the way to my rooms."

"Oh, it's needless to trouble you," Lord Harry declared. "I have so little to say—do you mind walking on with me for a few minutes?"

Mountjoy silently complied. He was thinking of what might have happened if Iris had delayed her departure—or if the movement of the carriage had been towards, instead of away from, the hotel. In either case it had been a narrow escape for the wife, from a dramatic discovery by the husband.

"We Irishmen," Lord Harry resumed, "are not famous for always obeying the laws; but it is in our natures to respect the law of hospitality. When you were at the cottage yesterday I was inhospitable to my guest. My rude behaviour has weighed on my mind since—and for that reason I have come here to speak to you. It was ill-bred on my part to reproach you with your visit, and to forbid you (oh, quite needlessly, I don't doubt!) to call on me again. If I own that I have no desire to propose a renewal of friendly intercourse between us, you will understand me, I am sure; with my way of thinking, the less we see of each other for the future, the better it may be. But, for what I said when my temper ran away with me, I ask you to accept my excuses, and the sincere expression of my regret."

"Your excuses are accepted, my lord, as sincerely as you have offered them," Mountjoy answered. "So far as I am concerned, the incident is forgotten from this moment."

Lord Harry expressed his courteous acknowledgments. "Spoken as becomes a gentleman," he said. "I thank you."

There it ended. They saluted each other: they wished each other good-night. "A mere formality!" Hugh thought, when they had parted.

He had wronged the Irish lord in arriving at that conclusion. But time was to pass before events helped him to discover his error.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE DECREE OF FATE.

On his arrival in London, Mountjoy went to the Nurses' Institute to inquire for Mrs. Vimpany.

She was again absent, in attendance on another patient. The address of the house (known only to the matron) was, on this occasion, not to be communicated to any friend who might make inquiries. A bad case of scarlet fever had been placed under the nurse's care, and the danger of contagion was too serious to be trifled with.

The events which had led to Mrs. Vimpany's present employment had not occurred in the customary course.

A nurse who had recently joined the Institute had been first engaged to undertake the case, at the express request of the suffering person—who was said to be distantly related to the young woman. On the morning when she was about to proceed to the scene of her labours, news had reached her of the dangerous illness of her mother. Mrs. Vimpany, who was free at the time, and who felt a friendly interest in her young colleague, volunteered to take her place. Upon this, a strange request had been addressed to the matron, on behalf of the sick man. He desired to be "informed of it, if the new nurse was an Irishwoman." Hearing that she was an Englishwoman, he at once accepted her services; being himself (as an additional element of mystery in the matter) an Irishman!

The matron's English prejudices at once assumed that there had been some discreditable event in the man's life, which might be made a subject of scandalous exposure, if he was attended by one of his own countrypeople. She advised Mrs. Vimpany to have nothing to do with the afflicted stranger. The nurse answered that she had promised to attend on him—and she kept her promise.

Mountjoy left the Institute, after vainly attempting to obtain Mrs. Vimpany's address. The one concession which the matron offered to make was to direct his letter, and send it to the post, if he would be content with that form of communication.

On reflection, he decided to write the letter.

Prompt employment of time might be of importance, if it was possible to prevent any further communication with Lord Harry, on the part of his Irish correspondent. Using the name with which Iris had provided him, Hugh wrote to inquire if it was familiar to Mrs. Vimpany, as the name of a person with whom she had been, at any time, acquainted. In this event, he assured her that an immediate consultation between them was absolutely necessary in the interests of Iris. He added, in a postscript, that he was in perfect health, and that he had no fear of infection—and sent his letter to the matron to be forwarded.

The reply reached him late in the evening. It was in the handwriting of a stranger, and was to this effect:—  
"Dear Mr. Mountjoy,—It is impossible that I can allow you to run the risk of seeing me, while I am in my present situation. So serious is the danger of contagion, in scarlet fever, that I dare not even write to you with my own hand, on notepaper which has been used in the sick-room. This is no mere fancy of mine; the doctor in attendance here knows of a case, in which a small piece of infected flannel communicated

the disease after an interval of no less than a year. I must trust to your own good sense to see the necessity of waiting, until I can receive you without any fear of consequences to yourself. In the meantime, I may answer your inquiry, relating to the name communicated in your letter. I first knew the gentleman you mention some years since; we were introduced to each other by Lord Harry; and I saw him afterwards on more than one occasion."

Mountjoy read this wise and considerate reply to his letter with indignation.

Here was the good fortune which he had not dared to hope, declaring itself in favour of Iris. Here (if Mrs. Vimpany could be persuaded to write to her friend) was the opportunity offered of keeping the hot-tempered Irish husband passive and harmless, by keeping him without further news of the assassin of Arthur Mountjoy. Under these encouraging circumstances, the proposed consultation which might have produced such excellent results had been rejected; thanks to a contemptible fear of infection, excited by a story of a trumpety piece of flannel!

Hugh snatched up the unfortunate letter (cast away on the floor) to tear it in pieces and throw it into the wastepaper basket—and checked himself. His angry hand had seized on it with the blank leaf of the notepaper uppermost.

On that leaf he discovered two little lines of print, presenting, in the customary form, the address of the house at which the letter had been written! The writer, in taking the sheet of paper from the case, must have accidentally turned it wrong side uppermost on the desk, and had not cared to recopy the letter, or had not discovered the mistake. Restored to his best good-humour, Hugh resolved to surprise Mrs. Vimpany by a visit, on the next day, which would set the theory of contagion at defiance, and render valuable service to Iris at a crisis in her life.

Having time before him for reflection, in the course of the evening, he was at no loss to discover a formidable obstacle in the way of his design.

Whether he gave his name or concealed his name, when he asked for Mrs. Vimpany at the house-door, she would in either case refuse to see him. The one accessible person whom he could consult in this difficulty was his faithful old servant.

That experienced man—formerly employed, at various times, in the army, in the police, and in service at a public school—obtained leave to make some preliminary investigations on the next morning.

He achieved two important discoveries. In the first place, Mrs. Vimpany was living in the house in which the letter to his master had been written. In the second place, there was a page attached to the domestic establishment (already under notice to leave his situation), who was accessible to corruption by means of a bribe. The boy would be on the watch for Mr. Mountjoy at two o'clock on that day, and would show him where to find Mrs. Vimpany, in the room near the sick man, in which she was accustomed to take her meals.

Hugh acted on his instructions, and found the page waiting to admit him secretly to the house. Leading the way upstairs, the boy pointed with one hand to a door on the second-floor, and held out the other hand to receive his money. While he pocketed the bribe, and disappeared, Mountjoy opened the door.

Mrs. Vimpany was seated at a table waiting for her dinner. When Hugh showed himself she started to her feet with a cry of alarm.

"Are you mad?" she exclaimed. "How did you get here? What do you want here? Don't come near me!"

She attempted to pass Hugh on her way out of the room. He caught her by the arm, led her back to her chair, and forced her to seat herself again. "Iris is in trouble," he pleaded, "and you can help her."

"The fever!" she cried, heedless of what he had said.

"Keep back from me—the fever!"

For the second time she tried to get out of the room. For the second time Hugh stopped her.

"Fever or no fever," he persisted, "I have something to say to you. In two minutes I shall have said it, and I will go."

In the fewest possible words he described the situation of Iris with her jealous husband. Mrs. Vimpany indignantly interrupted him.

"Are you running this dreadful risk," she asked, "with nothing to say to me that I don't know already? Her husband jealous of her? Of course he is jealous of her! Leave me—or I will ring for the servant."

"Ring, if you like," Hugh answered; "but hear this first. My letter to you alluded to a consultation between us, which might be necessary in the interests of Iris. Imagine her situation, if you can! The assassin of Arthur Mountjoy is reported to be in London; and Lord Harry has heard of it."

Mrs. Vimpany looked at him with horror in her eyes.

"Gracious God!" she cried, "the man is here—under my care. Oh, I am not in the conspiracy to hide the wretch! I knew no more of him than you do when I offered to nurse him. The names that have escaped him, in his delirium, have told me the truth."

As she spoke, a second door in the room was opened. An old woman showed herself for a moment, trembling with terror. "He's breaking out again, nurse! Help me to hold him!"

Mrs. Vimpany instantly followed the woman into the bedroom. "Wait and listen," she said to Mountjoy—and left the door open.

The quick, fierce, muttering tones of a man in delirium were now fearfully audible. His maddened memory was travelling back over his own horrible life. He put questions to himself; he answered himself:—

"Who drew the lot to kill the traitor? I did! I did! Who shot him on the road, before he could get to the wood? I did! I did! Arthur Mountjoy, traitor to Ireland. Set that on his tombstone, and disgrace him for ever. Listen, boys—listen! There is a patriot among you. I am the patriot—preserved by a merciful Providence. Ha, my Lord Harry, search the earth and search the sea, the patriot is out of your reach! Nurse! What's that the doctor said of me? The fever will kill him? Well, what does that matter, as long as Lord Harry doesn't kill me? Open the doors, and let everybody hear of it. I die the death of a saint—the greatest of all saints—the saint who shot Arthur Mountjoy. Oh, the heat, the heat, the burning raging heat!" The tortured creature burst into a dreadful cry of rage and pain. It was more than Hugh's resolution could support. He hurried out of the house.

Ten days passed. A letter, in a strange handwriting, reached Iris at Passy.

The first part of the letter was devoted to the Irish desperado whom Mrs. Vimpany had attended in his illness.

When she only knew him as a suffering fellow-creature she had promised to be his nurse. Did the discovery that he was an assassin justify desertion, or even excuse neglect? No! the nursing art, like the healing art, is an act of mercy—in itself too essentially noble to inquire whether the misery that it relieves merits help. All that experience, all that intelligence, all that care could offer, the nurse gave to the man whose hand she would have shrunk from touching in friendship; after she had saved his life.

A time had come when the fever threatened to take Lord Harry's vengeance out of his hands. The crisis of the disease declared itself. With the shadow of death on him, the wretch lived through it—saved by his strong constitution, and by the skilled and fearless woman who attended on him. At the period of his convalescence, friends from Ireland (accompanied by a medical man of their own choosing) presented themselves at the house, and asked for him by the name under which he passed—Carrigeen. With every possible care, he was removed; to what destination had never been discovered. From that time, all trace of him had been lost.

Terrible news followed on the next page.

The subtle power of infection had asserted itself against the poor mortal who had defied it. Hugh Mountjoy, stricken by the man who had murdered his brother, lay burning under the scarlet fire of the fever.

But the nurse watched by him, night and day.

(To be continued.)

## ON DUTCH CANALS.

Dark-brown waters rippling and gleaming in the sunlight, buttercup meadows as far as eye can reach, flanked by rows of trees clipped to shape; windmills—Payne's grey; barges—burnt sienna. The canals are bordered by broad walks of bright-green espaliered lime-trees, and adorned by milk-carts with bright cans scoured till golden; dogs, wire-muzzled, are harnessed thereto; drivers, blue smocked or white capped. While black and white cattle are feeding in the fields, a Dutch sky, cloudless and transparent, shines overhead. Here and there are barges drawn by thick-made dogs, with tongue protruding, straining every nerve. The landscape is lit up by white-blossomed fruit-trees, lace-like church steeples, red-tiled houses in the distance.

Down the canals sail brown luggers gliding with the wind; the banks here and there in country places thick with sedge, rush, water-fennel. Now and then come narrower waterways, and villas with drawbridge—pulled up at nightfall—"Zun Pardisjd," "Mon Bijou," red and green shuttered, in spring tulip-bedded—yellow, white, single, double—veritable bouquets.

Helter-skelter rush the children out of school, with earrings and cropped hair, white close caps—Rembrandt-wise; the boys with red knitted flat glengarrys. Old women with brass and nickel-plate headdress, and stiff white muslin, wide-flapped headgear, sit outside cottage doors, as in the old pictures. Out again, on broader canals, barges are seen interlacing; timber rafts towed northward from Germany, past one-storeyed cottages edging the canal. At intervals, a woman with short skirts stands signalling, and a little river-steamer pulls up with a snort. On again it goes, presently, very swiftly, past stunted willows, and barges sack laden. Past stackyards of timber, floated down the Rhine; windmills for salt—windmills for everything. Poultry, chickens, ducks, like Hondecoeters, roam about the square, low Dutch homesteads. Sheep, long-fleeced, graze in the meadows, which are crossed by interminableavenued straight roadways.

Hooded two-wheeled carts, three-wheeled wagons, drawn by Van Dyck horses, come and go. Outside village cafés are tied black roadsters of the old breed, dating back for centuries. Men with long pipes and blue enamelled bowls sit outside, oershadowed by trees. In the distance, a stork's nest on a high platform gives character at once to its surroundings. A heron flaps lazily past with outstretched legs; a rook flies before him like the wind. A light over all, transparent, Dutch colouring; in this century inimitable.

Nearer the old towns, yards resound with hammer; hulks, iron-plated, dot the landscape, appearing as if growing out of meadows, till the eye catches the silver streak. Multitudes of orchards are fenced in with willow; their turf, dandelion-spangled, cool and green. For life, there are starlings chattering incessantly, sparrows on the barges, gulls sweeping over, swallows skimming the surface of canals; a stiff breeze blowing, the water rippling and colouring.

At length, Delft in sight, with steamers and quays, tall steeples, clustered houses, brown sails. Barges pass along, laden with cattle—cows, with horse-cloths over their backs; goats, black and white, graze on the canal edge, near boats, in the sunlight, with sails bright red—reflected, moreover, on the water, with bits of bright colour—red, green, blue, crimson. Carpets are hung up to make an awning, shining ware on the decks, green bowls and plates.

A bell rings, and up comes the steamer to the quay, where men are lying asleep under trees, and market-women stand, in wide hats, bright kerchiefs—figures that have stepped out of the frame of, say, a Holbein or Vermeer. Low-built lines of brick-built houses (there is no stone, save imported, found in Holland), every window with reflecting mirror, hidden behind dense foliage of shady trees, where flower-barrows—heavy laden—lend colour. Deep lights and shadows traverse the old market-place, thrown by the Oude Kerk, containing the Van Tromp monument.

Magnificent in outward architecture, these Dutch church interiors are cold and shivering. Hard by, the Prinsenhof, once a tragic scene (painted so ably in Motley's "Dutch Republic"), holds priceless relics of old oak and groined ceilings. Its walls, its waterways still stand intact; archways, yards still tenanted by white-capped maidens. Out-of-door smithies still shoe Van Ostade horses, held by wooden-shod, blue-aproned men. Dark warehouses, earth-floored, stored with cordage, exist now, as in Vermer's "Delft." "Poffertjes" are still the luxury of the *gamin*; Rembrandt headdress adorns old wives. Take down your engravings after Teniers; your Rembrandts, Snyders, Heerns, Seghers. You have life, you have growth now, as then; in gay colouring, in gorgeous landscape, in portraiture, in type of face. Put back the hand of the clock two centuries. Delft—old Holland—Dutch waterways—wot not of it.

E. K. P.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Bullen Hugh Mitchell, now administering the Government of Natal, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of that colony.

The East Sussex County Council have decided to take over the management of the four hundred miles of main roads within their jurisdiction, and thus to abolish the system of parochial control which has obtained from time immemorial.

The show and sale of pure-bred shorthorns at Birmingham, under the auspices of the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society, was concluded on Sept. 26. As there was a large attendance of buyers good prices were realised.

At the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, held at St. Andrews, 146 gentlemen competed, being an increase of thirty-two as compared with last year. The King William IV. medal was won by Mr. Leslie Balfour, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson carried off the gold medal.

Lord and Lady Londonderry and Mr. Adolphus Vane-Tempest visited Hartlepool on Sept. 26 and opened the Headland Promenade, the Henry Smith School, and the Hartlepool Hospital, on which collectively about £35,000 has been spent. The day was kept as a general holiday, the festivities concluding with fireworks and a ball in the Temperance Hall.



## TOWNHALL, GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

The new Townhall of Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, was opened by Lord Gormanston, Governor of the colony, on July 1. It will be remembered that Georgetown, a city of over 50,000 inhabitants, was illustrated and described by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in his sketches, "Across Two Oceans." It boasts of a Mayor and Corporation, who determined two years ago to erect a townhall worthy of the municipality, and the result has been the erection of one of the handsomest buildings in the West Indies.

The ground-floor is devoted to a Fire Brigade dépôt, the first floor to the several municipal offices, and the upper floor to an Assembly Room, measuring 90 ft. by 40 ft., for public meetings, concerts, and similar purposes. Access to the offices and upper hall is obtained through the main staircase placed in the central tower, on the top of the latter, 100 ft. high, being a look-out for the fire-watch. Surmounting the carriage-porch is a shield bearing the colony arms—a ship in full sail—with the motto "Damus petimusque vicissim."

The building has been erected under the supervision of Mr. Luke M. Hill, C.E., the City Engineer, from the designs of the Very Rev. J. Scoles, S.J. The contractors were Messrs. Sproston, Son, and Co., of London and Demerara.

## NEW BOOKS.

*My Mistress, the Empress Eugénie; or, Court Life at the Tuileries.* By her Private Reader, Madame Carette. (Dean and Son.)—The residence of her Majesty the Empress Eugénie in England, since the fall of the Imperial throne, but especially during her widowhood, and after the lamented death of her only son in Zululand ten years ago, has been attended with silent and respectful sympathy on the part of the English people. None of those among us who entertained the least favourable opinion of the Empire of Napoleon III. could ever deem his consort in any degree responsible for the pernicious influence of a rule usurped by an outrageous treason, and sustained by prodigal corruption, upon the social and political condition of France. It is by no means proved that the Empress had any considerable share even in the errors of foreign policy which latterly contributed to destroy the prestige of her husband's audacious adventure both in the eyes of European statesmen and in those of his temporary subjects. History will probably subtract a great deal from the imagined effects of any mistaken counsels that she may have given to him in his dealings with other Sovereigns and States. But there is still less ground for ascribing to her Majesty, in the domestic and social life of the French Empire, or in its official administration, the slightest reproach for prevailing vices and abuses which were sufficiently notorious, but which she could not check, as they were inherent in the original composition of the Imperialist party. The Court of the Tuileries was, from the first, so much at the disposal of many immoral intriguers and fellow-conspirators, whom Napoleon III. was unable to send away, that it was impossible for his wife, being, as she was, a lady born in a private station, without exalted and powerful family connections, to insist on purifying and redeeming it from the evil taint of its scandalous foundation. The Empress Eugénie is believed to have striven, within the limits rigidly imposed on her interference, and certainly by her personal example, to withstand that current of boundless licentiousness, swollen by gambling, jobbery, and shameless venality, on which floated, in orgies of profuse extravagance, the gorgeous vessel of State bearing "Cæsar and his fortunes." Nothing of this kind, however, will be found in the modest and discreet memoirs of the Imperial Household, in which Madame Carette, née Mademoiselle Bouvet, has embodied her loyal and grateful reminiscences of many years' contented service. A more innocent book of its sort has seldom been written; and since its authoress was constantly in close personal attendance on the Empress herself, but had apparently no intercourse with any questionable personages frequenting the Court, it may well be supposed that she never witnessed anything which it would be desirable, for the reputation of that Court, to leave untold. Her Imperial mistress, at any rate, would personally have nothing to lose by a more ample disclosure, her own behaviour seeming to have been as correct, gracious, womanly, and dignified as that of any lady who has occupied such an illustrious position. It is beyond doubt that the confidence and esteem, to say no more, with which the Emperor continued to regard her were due to real merits in her character; but the writer of this book, as a trusted servant of the Imperial family, very properly refrains from giving the least hint of any private conversation she may have overheard between its heads, who invariably practised to each other all the refined courtesy of a gentleman's decorous household. For the rest, it will perhaps appear to the reader of Madame Carette's wisely guarded narrative, abounding though it is in details of superb palace upholstery and decoration, of costume, dress, and jewellery, of equipages, banquets, and balls, and of feminine petty rivalries, that life in the ladies' apartments at the Tuileries must have been exceedingly tedious and dull. The hundreds, and even thousands of visitors who thronged to State entertainments in that vast edifice, which has become a desolate scene of hideous ruins, could have no idea of the gloominess and inconvenience of some parts of its interior, occupied by those in the service of the Emperor and Empress, as previously by those of the King and Queen of the Orléans dynasty. Corridors and staircases so dark as to require lighting by lamps all day even in summer; a descent of six hundred steps from the second floor, where Madame Carette was lodged, to the ground floor, on which were the Emperor's apartments and the Court reception-rooms; bad ventilation in some parts of the building, and a general want of the aspect of homelike comfort, were ill compensated to its inhabitants by the cumbrous splendour of the grand saloons. The apartments of the Empress, which were on the first floor, above those of the Emperor, extending from the Pavillon de l'Horloge to the Galerie de Diane, towards the Seine, are very minutely described, with all their articles of furniture, tapestry, pictures, and statuary, giving some notion of her personal tastes. It may be interesting to ladies even to know of a contrivance by which her Majesty's dresses were let down into her dressing-room, on a board descending through the ceiling, so that the crinolines might not be rumpled by carrying them down the narrow stairs. The invention of crinoline, by-the-way, which some of us recollect, with a shudder of distressing remembrance, as one of the most grievous afflictions that befell

Europe under the Second Empire, is ascribed to the great milliner Worth; but it had been considerably modified by him before 1864, when Madame Carette joined the Court. There is much discourse of "chiffonerie," of skirts, bodices, and sleeves, of hats and headresses, of lace and jewels, in this authentic contribution to French Imperial history, which also furnishes the most complete information concerning the Court dresses, uniforms, and liveries of different grades of stipendiary gentlemen officiating in their Majesties' household. Individual portrait sketches of some of these, and of the Empress's ladies-in-waiting, wardrobe-keepers, and confidential female servants, with anecdotes of their behaviour, jealousies, and quarrels, are presented by Madame Carette in sufficient variety. But to readers of the English translation, we should think, her brief notice of the childhood of the Prince Imperial, and of the parents' affection for him, will be of greater interest. Her account of the personal labours of the Empress in works of charity, in visiting the sick poor in the Paris hospitals, and in founding orphan schools and asylums, is still more to be commended.

*Two Kings of Uganda; or, Life by the Shores of the Victoria Nyanza.* By Robert P. Ashe. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The prolonged expectation of further news of Mr. H. M. Stanley, and the favourable reports of the progress of the British East Africa Company, now turn renewed attention to the shores of the largest of the Equatorial Lakes, from which the Nile flows in a north-westerly course to the Albert Nyanza. The north and west shores of the Victoria Nyanza are occupied by a powerful native Kingdom or Empire, that of Uganda, the attitude of whose ruler is all-important to communications between the eastern sea-coast, at Mombasa or at Lamu, and either the Upper Nile or the Upper Congo. The Rev. R. P. Ashe, with the Rev. A. Mackay, both agents of the Church Missionary Society, resided in Uganda at the end of King Mutesa's (or Mtesa's) reign, and under that of his suc-

larger reckoning of other travellers. The revolution of October last year—by which Mwanga was deposed in favour of Kiwewa, the eldest son of Mutesa—has been followed by desperate struggles to maintain the ascendancy of the Arab and Mussulman faction, and the issue may still be uncertain. It is evident, from Mr. Ashe's statements, that the people of Uganda generally are not indisposed to receive Christian teaching, and that they are superior in character and intelligence to most other East African races. The barbaric Court is a focus of political intrigues, which afforded a curious subject of observation during the successive reigns of the "Two Kings," Mutesa and Mwanga; whose crafty old Prime Minister—styled the Katikiro, Chancellor or Chief Judge, will remind students of European history of many cunning statesmen famous in the annals of civilised nations. Mr. Mackay's ingenious plans and labours, as Court undertaker, to construct a huge triple coffin for the funeral of the Queen Dowager, filling a grave thirty feet deep and twenty feet long, with calico to the value of £15,000, are rather amusing; and so are many of the customs, notions, and institutions of the Baganda, a nation deserving not less notice than the Zulus of South Africa, and capable apparently of rising to a tolerable social condition.

*Glimpses of Irish Industries.* By J. Bowles Daly, LL.D. (Ward and Downey.)—Unionists and Home Rulers who are equally anxious to promote the material and social prosperity of Ireland, but who disagree about the legislative agency by which it is to be assisted, may get valuable instruction from Dr. Daly's compact and authentic treatise on the best methods of increasing the productive resources of that country. Many of us have heard and read so much of past political oppression, iniquitous confiscations, restrictive commercial regulations, proscription of Catholics, the Protestant Establishment, and the rapacity of landlords in former times, that one is glad of a few practical counsels on the means now available for helping Irish poverty by developing the natural elements of wealth in the soil, and underground and in the sea and rivers, and other water privileges, of an important part of the United Kingdom. It is nearly forty-five years ago since this subject was discussed by Sir Robert Kane, in an excellent book which has long become out of date, since the conditions of trade, railway and steamboat conveyance, labour, capital, and money credit, agriculture and manufacture, have been entirely changed. Dr. Daly's investigations are not those of a scientific geologist, mineralogist, or chemist, or of an agricultural specialist, though he has gathered some knowledge from these; but he lays hold of the main branches of Irish trade and industry actually existing, describes their operations, and shows the chief obstacles to their improvement. Of these obstacles, broadly speaking, the most injurious seem to be the bad management of the railways and the bad management of the banks. Three chapters exposing their derelictions in providing needful accommodation for traffic and business, and the obstruction thereby presented, in manifold ways, to economic progress, follow Dr. Daly's account of the Irish provision trade. That his remarks have some justification may be inferred from the Board of Trade having now instituted a comprehensive official inquiry, to be held in Dublin, with regard to the excessive inequality and unfairness of rates and charges on the Irish railways, which ought long ago to have been put under State management. They could be purchased, we believe, for a sum involving an annual charge of £700,000, or less, and could easily be worked at a profit, by Government, to the great benefit of the country. The chapter on the provision trades, including those in pigs and cattle, is one of the most interesting. Dr. Daly has a vein of humorous jest, which he indulges pleasantly enough upon the history of the pig; but his description of the great bacon-factory of Messrs. Shaw and Matterson, at Limerick, vying with the celebrated establishments at Chicago and Cincinnati, is really impressive, and should add dignity to the savoury rasher on a London breakfast-table. Pork, beef, and butter, if the last-mentioned article were always skilfully prepared, and if the second had juster facilities of export, are commodities of Irish produce which could never fail of a good market in England; and we should rejoice to see the trade in them doubled or trebled, though implying a reduced import from foreign shores. Of agriculture, save the rearing of beasts, or "bastes" and "craturs," this author has little to say, nor does he much dwell on the agrarian question, which is now pretty well seen to be locally dependent on physical disadvantages of soil and climate. We fear that he overrates the possible value of the Irish coal-fields and iron-fields; but in the marble, stone, clay, and slate of Ireland there are considerable resources of industry, to be utilised by the aid of a more liberal railway system. Irish textile fabrics, especially the beautiful and useful one called poplin, an ingenious combination of silk and worsted, the handsomest robe for a lady's wearing, and the elegant laces which Irish girls are so clever in making, ought the weaving of tweed cloth and knitting of hosiery, ought to command high favour not only in this country but in foreign markets. Dr. Daly also reviews the often misdirected efforts of Government to assist the coast fisheries, which are in a very unsatisfactory condition, and pleads for energetic measures, such as have been adopted in India, and in France, Denmark, Austria, and Germany, to plant trees in suitable tracts of the country, a matter that he seems to have carefully studied. We entertain no doubt of the practicability of many of his recommendations, and we hope that this small book on a great subject will obtain a large share of public attention.



THE NEW TOWNHALL, GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

cessor Mwanga, when the cruel massacre of native Christians, and the murder of Bishop Hannington, interrupted their evangelical labours. Mr. Ashe's interesting narrative, commencing in 1882, forms a sequel to that published in the same year by the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Dr. R. W. Felkin, a medical gentleman, who were in Uganda during a few months of 1879, and who returned to England bringing three natives of that country sent by its then reigning King, Mutesa. Their two volumes, more especially the second, in which Mr. Felkin gave an account of his journey down the White Nile, by Gondokoro and Lado, with excursions in Darfur and Kordofan, had a more extensive geographical scope; but fuller and more recent information concerning Uganda is presented in this volume. The author was personally a witness to the shocking outbreak of savage tyranny in January 1885, when many of the Christian converts were horribly put to death, and to the circumstances and evil counsels that occasioned Mwanga's order, or consent, to kill the English Bishop on his approach through the Basoga territory. Mr. Ashe received also much information from his colleague, Mr. Mackay, who had lived in Uganda all the time since 1879, and was more intimate with its Princes and rulers than any other European. We could not require a better description of the character, the institutions and customs, manners, and habits, of an African nation, than is here given of the "Baganda"—for it must be observed that the prefix "U" denotes the country, and "Ba" the people, as in some other languages of that region. The compact feudal structure of the Uganda monarchy, with its subject provinces, its great land-owning vassals, its "Earls," as Mr. Ashe calls them, and likewise its Barons, with its Lord Chancellor and high officers of Court and State, its system of administration, judiciary, military service, and fiscal taxation, almost precisely resembling one of the European Monarchies in the Middle Ages, is quite a political study. It seems to be deeply rooted in the social condition of the Baganda and Bahuma races, and of the different classes, including the Bataka or hereditary landed gentry, whose subordination is the mainstay of the kingdom. Such an authority cannot easily be overthrown, although Mr. Ashe's low estimate of the numbers of the people—about one million altogether, with forty thousand soldiers—may be accepted instead of the much

Sir Edwin Watkin is to deliver the opening lecture of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, his subject being "The Channel Tunnel."

The East Anglian Branch of the British Medical Association held its half-yearly meeting at Baintree on Sept. 25, under the presidency of Dr. J. Sinclair Holden, of Sudbury. Professor Latham, Cambridge, was present, and a large number of members. Dr. Mead (Newmarket) explained the object of the new Medical Defence Union. Mr. E. H. Carter (Chelmsford) read a paper on the abuses of the out-patients system of hospitals. Papers on various subjects were read by Dr. Calcott Fox (London), Mr. T. Simpson (Coggeshall), and Mr. C. E. Abbott (Baintree). The members subsequently dined together at the Horn Hotel.



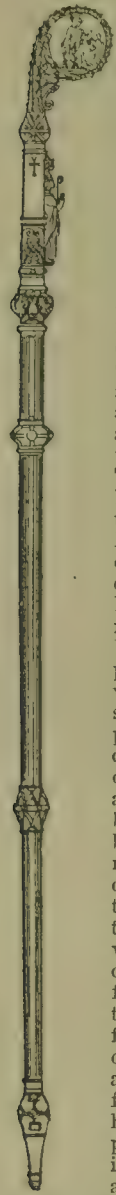


WAITING FOR THE BOAT.



## A BISHOP'S PASTORAL STAFF.

The pastoral staff recently presented to the Bishop of Llandaff by a large number of subscribers among the clergy and laity of his diocese was made from a design furnished by Messrs. Kempson and Fowler, architects, of Llandaff, and this design is shown in our Illustration. The sculptured figures were modelled by Mr. H. H. Armstead, R.A. The staff was manufactured by Messrs. Barkentin and Krall.



The Carlisle Diocesan Conference assembled on Sept. 25. The Bishop, in his presidential address, said there was a strong feeling that the Church of England received something short of justice at the hands of Parliament. It experienced many of the inconveniences and not many of the benefits which arose from Disestablishment. So long as the bonds between Church and State existed, Parliament would seem bound by every consideration of honour and fair dealing to give facilities for discussion, and, if need be, for enacting measures which the needs of the National Church demanded. The existing condition of things was rapidly becoming intolerable in Wales, and he hoped that a Tithe Bill would be passed next Session. It was not only a Church question, but a question of common honesty. The principal discussion of the afternoon was upon the Prayer-book Rubrics and the Additional Service Bill. A resolution was adopted approving its provisions. Viscount Cross said if the Churchmen were practically unanimous, Parliament would grant what they wanted; but the Church did not seem to be agreed in what they wanted.—The principal topic for discussion next day was introduced by the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies in a paper on "The Church and Socialism." He said he was afraid it could not be said the Church had always been on the side of the poor in economic struggles; but it was obviously wisdom for the Church to make friends of the democracy, now that democracy was in the ascendant. The rich had had their turn, and unwise laws had been made for their advantage. The working classes, whose votes were now able to control the policy of the country, would not only desire to use their power for their own benefit, but would be sustained by the conviction that the good of the many and less favoured ought to be considered, rather than that of the few and fortunate, and he did not anticipate any revolutionary blunders. The dangers to be feared were, frightening capital away, encouraging helpless people to assume that the State should provide for them and their families, and encouraging the belief that bodily comfort was the highest aim in life. The Church had also the duty to the rich of reminding them of their obligations to their poorer brethren.

The Oxford Diocesan Conference was opened on Sept. 26; in the Sheldonian Theatre, at Oxford, there being a large attendance. Dr. Stubbs, the Bishop of the Diocese, who presided for the first time since his translation from Chester, in the course of his opening address, rendered a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of the late Bishop Mackarness. Passing on to refer to the present condition of the education question, in reply to those who alleged that dogmatic teaching had little to do with moral conduct, he maintained emphatically that nothing else would enable a soul to resist temptation, even to sins which the world condemned, and he warned the Conference that the ultimate aim of those who opposed definite religious teaching was the extinction of religious teaching altogether. The Church laity should speak out boldly in favour of the duty of the Church to give definite supernatural teaching, and not to be ashamed of the word "sectarian" in the sense that St. Paul said that he maintained the faith of his fathers in a way that his opponents described as heresy.—On the following day the question of ritual observance in the Church came up for discussion, on a motion of the Rev. Canon Garrys, "That in order to preserve the comprehensible character of the Church of England, which is at once her glory and her strength; it is necessary to recognise in her ritual a diversity within the fixed limits of a maximum and a minimum." The motion was seconded by the Rev. Foxley Norris, Vicar of Witney, who supported it on the ground of its reasonableness, its justice, and its hopefulness. The Rev. H. Barter moved as an amendment, "That this Conference, while recognising the Ornaments Rubric, and the other rubrics of the Prayer Book, to be the law of this Church and realm, desires to leave its enforcement in the hands of the Ordinary." The amendment was lost, and the original motion was carried by a large majority.

The Duke of Cleveland has given £500 towards the restoration of Barningham Church, Barnard Castle.

In distributing the prizes and certificates gained at the Leamington Centre by students of the Oxford University on Sept. 27 the Speaker of the House of Commons, referring to the subject of University extension, said the two Universities had proved worthy of their great name and traditions, and had acted up to the ideas of the time in forwarding that movement.

Lady Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch, Lady North, Arndilly, Lady Smith of Elchies, Mr. R. B. Finlay, M.P., and Mrs. Finlay were among those present at the opening of the new Aberlour Orphanage School by the Bishop of Moray and Ross. The school provides for 210 children. The tower is furnished with an illuminated clock and a peal of bells, which play the Westminster chimes every quarter of an hour.

A lion escaped from Messrs. Wombwell's menagerie at Aston, Birmingham, on Sept. 27, and, disregarding the spectators, who fled, took refuge, at first under a bridge spanning a brook, and then in a sewer. A boarhound, after a fierce conflict, failed to dislodge it, and it was only after many hours of effort that the animal, by the discharge of firearms, was scared from its retreat into a cage, which had been placed at the entrance to the sewer.

An influential meeting was held in Birmingham on Sept. 27, to consider the proposal to establish a bishopric. The Bishop of Worcester presided, and expressed his sympathy with the movement. Mr. Jaffray moved the appointment of a committee to consider the report as to the cost of founding and maintaining a bishopric, and as to the boundary and title of the new see. He estimated the cost at £3000 per annum and a house. The Bishop of Worcester would subscribe £800 per year, and £2000 he thought might be obtained from the diocese of Lichfield and other sources. In a community like that it would be strange if they could not obtain the other £1500. Lord Norton seconded the motion, and promised a donation of £1000. The motion was passed.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

In reply to my inquiries respecting the allegation that beech-trees escaped being struck by lightning, several correspondents write to say that they know of instances in which these trees have fallen victims to the electric stroke. These facts prove that the common notion of the immunity of beech-trees in this respect is only a common error after all; and it is satisfactory to find at least one botanical myth thus disposed of.

There is one species of popular myth which, in my experience, I have found it particularly hard to kill. I allude to the hair-eel superstition. Over and over again has science declared that it knows all about the hair-eels one finds in the ponds and ditches; yet as frequently does some unbeliever write to the papers asserting his belief (unsupported by any evidence whatever) that hair-eels can be produced from horses' hairs. This is not a matter limited, as regards extent, to the ignorant rustic. It pervades higher life as well, and illustrates how little trouble even educated persons take to confirm stories and legends such as they would never dream of entertaining about the ordinary affairs of life. Hair-eels are worms which pass the early stages of their existence inside the bodies of insects. Becoming mature, they leave their insect-holds, and lay their eggs in water. From these eggs little active embryos are developed, and these in turn become parasites in insects, and in due season repeat the parental history. Now this is a natural piece of development, and leaves no room for any fictitious means or modes of production. As a matter of fact, all that is ever said about the latter fables is that people "suppose" that horses' hairs placed in water will turn into hair-eels. If they do thus "imagine a vain thing," so much the worse for their supposition, say I. Even if, as has been alleged, an experimenter has placed horses' hairs in a pond, and has found, *mirabile dictu*, hair-eels swarming in the water some days or weeks thereafter, what evidence is there to justify a reasonable belief that the eels were developed out of the hairs? This style of argument illustrates the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* fallacy, and exemplifies a belief in spontaneous generation such as the wildest speculator of old scarcely ventured to imagine.

I have been asked to explain in these pages the phenomenon noted by botanists that certain plants are known to give off a gas which will ignite when a light is applied to it. This fact is familiar enough to science. Green leaves kept in a phial among water and exposed to sunlight give off oxygen gas, which will rekindle a glowing match placed in the upper part of the bottle. But this is a natural function of plant life, and the circumstance alluded to by my correspondent partakes of somewhat different character to the natural evolution of gas. Fortunately, I am enabled to answer the query in question, by a reference to a recent botanical note on this subject.

A writer remarks that it is well known that plants of *Dictamnus fraxinella*, at the close of a dry, sunny day, are surrounded by a gas which is inflammable and will ignite with a sudden flash of flame when a lighted match is applied to it. M. H. Corveon gives in the *Garden* the results of some investigations lately made with regard to this phenomenon. Certain plants, and very notably the *Rutaceæ* and *Labiata*, secrete various products, such as essential oils, resins, gums, balsams, &c. Secretory organs which are buried in the substance of the plant's tissue elaborate these products, while hairs of various forms and textures conduct them to the surface, and there excrete them. The secretory organs are termed "internal glands," and the excretory hairs are known as "external glands." These latter glands are surrounded at the base by a part of the outer skin of the plant, which the hair has pushed up in issuing forth to make its appearance on the surface of the stem, and in the *fraxinella* this raised part of the epidermis covers a gland which is very richly provided with resin and essential oil. When this gland was examined with a microscope on a hot day, it was empty, its contents having been drawn out by the heat through the cells of the epidermis or through the hair that terminates the gland. It must be understood that the surrounding air has to be pretty strongly impregnated with the gas of the volatilised resin in order to take fire when a lighted match is applied to it. This experiment has also been carried out in France by placing a pot-plant of *fraxinella* in bloom under a bell-glass, and leaving it there for some time, when the air in the bell-glass was found to be so highly charged with the resinous gas that it ignited the moment a lighted match was applied to it, and, it may be added, says the account from which I quote, without doing the slightest injury to the plant.

A curious investigation has lately been made into the physiology of feeding canary birds with the view of changing their plumage. Cayenne pepper, it appears, is given to these birds to produce a red colour of their feathers. A German *savant* finds that by giving pepper only, he can produce an effect in young birds if they have not moulted. Older birds seem to experience no change of plumage when treated with pepper alone. Moisture, it is added, aids the change of colour, but under the influence of cold and sunlight the red tint tends to disappear. It would seem that a substance known as triolein, which is contained in the pepper, is the active agent in inducing the colour-change in the feathers; while it is added that glycerine brings about a similar result to triolein. Feeding the birds thuswise affects the eggs; for the yolk stores up the red colouring matter, and after judicious nutrition may be seen to be changed to a completely red tint.

Professor Flower's address at the British Association meeting in September will have been perused by my readers long before these lines meet their eyes. The address, I am bound to say, was disappointing, and in expressing this opinion I only re-echo, as an independent person, the views of prior critics. From a man of Dr. Flower's great eminence one would have expected a masterly discourse upon one or other of the many phases of life with which the president's studies are concerned. The discourse was a relatively uninteresting plea for museums as educational institutions. It contained much that was important, needless to say; but this is not the sort of thing the public who support the British Association have a right to expect. Where are the bright days when Huxley, Tyndall, Carpenter, Lubbock, and others filled the presidential chair, and delivered discourses which afforded food for thought for many a long day to come? The Association is something more than a mere dry-as-dust congress of philosophers. Its avowed aim is to interest the public in science. I regret to find the latest phase of the Association does not sound promising, viewing it as a body devoted to the popular exposition of science. There was, as is now usual, a field day on "corsets," when the ladies had their innings. But is the British Association so far degenerated that at its meetings one of the most prominent questions debated is, "Should Women Wear Stays or Not?" I am sorry to think "Ichabod" seems in danger of being written over the portals of this once-celebrated body.

ANDREW WILSON.

## ROBERT BURTON'S PRESCRIPTIONS.

One of the quaintest, most fantastic, and most curious books in the language is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." It is an extraordinary mixture of serious comment and coarseness, of wisdom and folly, of learning and superstition. Burton's reading must have been immense, and there is sometimes a grim humour in his application of it. It must not be supposed that he confines himself to his subject, but somehow he manages by the help of it to rove in every direction.

He is, he tells his readers, by profession a divine and by inclination a physician, and he affirms that to anatomise melancholy aright is as great a task as "to reconcile the chronological errors in the Assyrian Monarchy, find out the quadrature of a circle, the creeks and sounds of the North-East or North-West Passage, or to rectify the Gregorian Calendar." Then he promises to prove by arguments and testimonies that most men are mad, and that the world is turned upside down. Sometimes Burton is the merriest of philosophers, sometimes one of the gravest; and he states that he writes of melancholy "by being busy to avoid melancholy." As Burton died in the first half of the seventeenth century, it may be interesting to learn from the prescriptions of this amateur physician, who studied all the medical works he could lay hold of, some of the prominent remedies then in vogue for the cure of melancholy, and the diet to be avoided by persons liable to it, premising that the cure of melancholy forms but a portion, and not the most entertaining portion, of this curious book.

Some readers will be sorry to hear that "venison is melancholy and begets bad blood," that hare "causeth fearful dreams," that milk increases melancholy, and that cels are to be detested, especially about the solstice. Cabbage "sends up black vapours to the brain," and onions cause madness "if a man liberally feed on them a year together," all pease and beans fill the brain and cause bad dreams; beer is "discommended" by some, "but let them say as they list," says Burton, who no doubt appreciated a glass of Oxford ale, "tis a most wholesome and a pleasant drink, and hath an especial virtue against melancholy"; wine, too, is commended, though, says the writer, "I drink none myself"; but it must be used modestly and soberly. "The Turks," he adds, "have a drink called coffa, so named of a berry as black as soot and as bitter, which they sip still of and sup as warm as they can suffer. They spend much time in those coffa-houses, which are somewhat like our ale-houses or taverns, and there they sit chatting and drinking to drive away the time, and to be merry together, because they find by experience that kind of drink so used helpeth digestion and procureth alacrity."

As to diet, Burton wisely concludes that experience is the best teacher: "Let every man observe, and be a law unto himself." Very sensibly, too, he dilates upon the value of good air and of a change of climate. A good prospect will ease melancholy, and there is "no better physic for a melancholy man than change of air and variety of places, to travel abroad and see fashions." And the praise of exercise gives Burton an occasion for discussing every kind of sport and pastime then in vogue. He is in favour of many games, wakes, and Whitsun ales. "Let them freely feast, sing, and dance, have their puppet-plays, hobby-horses, tabors, bag-pipes, &c., and what sports and recreations they like best;" and he adds: "If one half day in a week were allowed to our household servants for their merry meetings, by their hard masters, I think they would labour harder all the rest of their time, and both parties be better pleased."

Of all the cures for sadness, none, in Burton's judgment, are so apposite as a cup of strong drink, mirth, music, and merry company. Divine music will drive away the devil himself, and is a most present remedy for all sorrow and dejection.

Whether melancholy can be cured with apothecaries' physic he is not so certain. "Some think physicians kill as many as they save, and who can tell?" Yet after a variety of complaints against the doctors, he will urge no more cavilling arguments, "lest some physician should mistake me and deny me physic when I am sick." Moreover, Burton will not deny the virtue of some simples, nor that medicine, despite all that can be said against it, is a noble science. Yet his praise is given with reservations; and he believes, with an old writer that many a countrywoman does more good with herbs than physicians with their prescriptions. Borage and marigold, he considers, are good against melancholy; so are hops, and so, he adds, are roses, violets, rosemary, wine, and tobacco. "Other things are much magnified by writers, as an old cook, a ram's head, a wolf's heart, borne or eaten." Then we are told of precious stones that, if hung about the neck or taken in drink, recreate the heart, and of a stone found in the stomach of a swallow, "which if it be lapped in a fair cloth and tied to the right arm will cure lunatics, and make them amiable and merry." Whatever virtue there may be in minerals, there is, however, one sovereign remedy which surpasses them all—"divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco."

The remedies recommended in the early days of medicine were often worse than the diseases. How far Burton approved of them he does not say, but he appears to mention them with respect. For melancholy cauteries and hot irons are to be used in the suture of the skull, and "tis not amiss to bore the skull with an instrument to let out the feuliginous vapours." Wine used soberly is one of Burton's favourite remedies, for he mentions it again and again; and even the teetotaler will allow that it is to be preferred to hot irons. Wine is not good for mad men whose brains are troubled with heat, "but to melancholy, which is cold, wine, soberly used, may be very good." However, if the patient objects to wine, let him try a remedy commended by Piso—namely, a ram's lungs applied hot to the fore-part of the head; or a ring made of the hoof of an ass's right forefoot may be carried about the person. Such amulets, says Burton, are not altogether to be rejected, and he goes on to relate how, being at his father's house at Lindley, in Leicestershire, he saw "an amulet of a spider in a nut-shell lapped in silk," which his mother, who had done many famous cures among poor folk, applied for an ague. This he thought was ridiculous; but afterwards, upon reading some great medical authorities, he found this very cure prescribed, and began to have a better opinion of it.

Bashfulness and flushing of the face torture many melancholy men, and for this a worthy physician's advice was to disregard it. "Suppose one look red, what matter is it?" Burton, however, gives a variety of prescriptions for this trouble; among others, we are told that it is good overnight to anoint the face with hare's blood, and in the morning to wash it with strawberry and cowslip water; or to put fresh cheese curds to a red face. On love-melancholy Burton writes with a freedom and a variety of illustration that must have been startling, even in his day, as coming from an Oxford divine; but when he passes to religious melancholy his counsels are sober and sensible enough, and he displays a breadth of tolerance that could not have been generally acceptable in the age of Puritans and Covenanters. Perhaps the wisest thing said in the book is the advice intended for all kinds of melancholy with which it concludes. "As thou tenderest thy good health of body and mind, observe this short precept. Give not way to solitariness and idleness. Be not solitary, be not idle."—J. D.



## O B I T U A R Y.

But the friends were severed at last. Gwig went to the Colonies. Will made money and settled at home. And the little sister—ah! she is dead. Only, sometimes a wealthy squatter in the Queensland bush, and a quiet bachelor by his fireside here in the north, must sometimes think regretfully yet of their old alliance; of their long truant rambles together in the summer woods, of the tanyard and the blacksmith's forge—of the days of their youth.

G. E. T.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor,*

A LIVINGTON (Wimborne),—We are sorry we have no space for such communications as yours.

BREXNOLD'S.—We have not exhaustively studied the position submitted; but, seeing BLACK is the exchange ahead, and has two well-advanced passed Pawns, there can be no doubt his is the better game, and he ought to win.

D MCCOY,—Problem No. 273 is not insoluble. For the author's intention, see solution below.

C HAGEN.—Thanks for game, which we will look at. In a well-worked opening like the Scotch Gambit such coincidences are by no means rare.

W R RAILEM.—You were the only one that suggested two solutions, hence the notice. Is not your revenge this week, however, sufficient?

AMATEUR (Havanna).—Letter received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2369 received from Leo Benjafer (Malta), T Elrick, Rev J Wills Barnstable, Mass., David Gowers, John G Grant, J W Shaw (Montreal), and A M Calloch (Montrouge); also from K Temple, John D Grant, M C Shann, J W Marchant, Bernard Reynolds, RS Stewart (M.D.), F.G Rowland, and T Wells; of No. 2371 from W H D Harvey, G Saint (Raubon), Bingham Thomas Chown, Mrs Wilson, and Bernard Reynolds.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2372 received from Dr F St, T Roberts, George Sault, A Newman, Mr E H Hargrave, W H D Harvey, RH Brooks-Jupiter Junior, Howard A J Chad, T G Warw, J Dixon-Allyn, Julia Short (Exeter), N Harris, Thomas Chown, F.G Rowland, Richmond, A W Hamilton Gell, Ivis Roob, J D Tucker (Leeds), D McInroy, J A Challice, D McCoy (Galway), H H Hurford, M C Shann, Albion, J E Herbert (Askrigg), R P Banks, W E Lamb, R D Halliday, J E Smith (Canterbury), J H Piffard, Bernard Reynolds, H Bourneau, E E H, Rev Winfield Cooper, Shutforth Fr Fernando, O.S, W Wright, F Beadle, T Spencer, and W Moss.

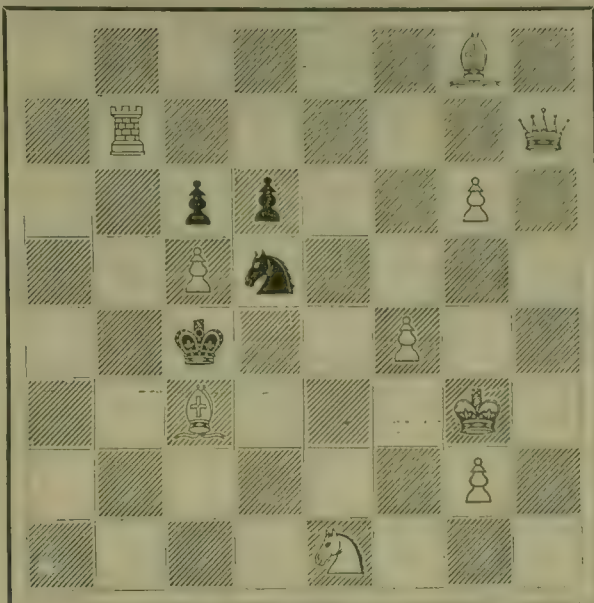
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2370.—By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to K B 8th Any move  
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2374.

By J. G. CAMPBELL

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. F. H. Lewis, whose services to chess we had occasion to notice briefly a few weeks ago. No name was better known in London chess circles, and his loss will be keenly felt. Always a good player, he was at one time the leading English amateur, and drew with Morphy the first game of his memorable European tour. As a whist-player Mr. Lewis, in the opinion of competent judges, was one of the best, while his double dummy problems which appeared in the "Westminster Papers" are unique. In the construction of these he stood absolutely alone, without either rival or imitator.

The enterprising Havana Club is endeavouring to arrange a match between Messrs. Gunsberg and Tschigorin early next year on similar conditions to that played in the early spring between the latter and Mr. Steinitz.

*The Modern Chess Instructor.* By W. Steinitz. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York.) In Three Parts: Part I.—In a very handsome volume the first portion of this long-promised treatise is now issued to the public, and we may at once express our opinion that, completed as begun, it will supersede all its predecessors as the handbook of the game. Much, of course, was expected from the author. Mr. Steinitz could scarcely have handled a subject of which he is the greatest living exponent without reaching a certain standard of excellence. The actual performance, however, exceeds any anticipations so formed, and will not improbably mark an era in the development of chess. It is the first systematic attempt to deal with the openings as a whole from a definite standpoint and in a scientific spirit. At once comprehensive and original, it meets the wants of the learner and the student alike in a fashion that of itself constitutes a very triumph of skill. Mr. Steinitz's method is easily summarised. The modern school of play, to a large extent his own creation, does not favour an immediate attack on the adverse King. It seeks rather to secure small but early advantages which tell in the long run, and for this purpose aims at the efficient employment of any available force the King itself being used as a playing piece. The openings in general vogue are founded on the opposite principle. Nearly all contemplate a rapid assault on the King's wing, and the play on both sides proceeds accordingly. Recognising their established hold, Mr. Steinitz strives to adapt them to his views, first by perfecting the defence, and then by modifying the attack in harmony with his theory. In these efforts he arrives at some rather novel conclusions, which cannot fail to excite considerable discussion. The independence of mind which is one of his characteristics is evidenced by his review of positions which have hitherto been beyond suspicion. Many of these crumble to pieces under his touch, and others are so altered that their sponsors would scarcely know them. Into the merits of such views we cannot here enter. That they have much to say for themselves is evident from their success in practice, and their increasing adoption by rising players. The strategy advocated is undoubtedly sound, the only question being whether it sufficiently allows for individual temperament. The personal equation counts for something in chess as well as in science, and many men would find such a position, for instance, as Steinitz gets in his new defence to the Evans Gambit simply intolerable. Everything now-a-days, however, is pervaded by the modern passion for organised combination, and Mr. Steinitz's book is virtually an application of this tendency to the game of chess. As such we must pronounce it an unequalled success.

A memorial window was unveiled on Sept. 26 in Coxwold Church, North Yorks, to the memory of Lieutenant George Wombwell, son and heir of Sir George Wombwell, of Newburgh Priory. Lieutenant Wombwell recently died of fever, at Meerut, India.

On the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Milltown has been selected by her Majesty to fill the vacancy in the Order of St. Patrick caused by the death of the Earl of Granard; and on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland the Queen has appointed Mr. R. Fitzroy Bell, Advocate, to be Secretary to the Scottish University Commissioners, constituted under the Universities (Scotland) Act of last Session.

The Whitechapel centre of the University Extension Society opened its twelfth session on Sept. 28 with a conversazione at Toynbee Hall. Four courses of lectures are arranged for this winter—on chemistry by Professor Lewes, history by Dr. Rawson Gardiner, physiology by Mr. Pye, and social problems by the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed. The fee for each course of ten lectures is one shilling. In connection with the centre is a Students' Union, to arrange for conversazioni, &c., and students can use the free library at Toynbee Hall, which contains 4000 volumes. Students can also join, on election, the Toynbee Natural History Society, the Elizabethan Society, the East London Antiquarian Society, the Toynbee 'Travellers' Club, and the Toynbee Saturday Evening Popular Lectures, given by (among others) Lord Wolsley, Lord Brassey, Canon Scott Holland, and Mr. Arthur Sidgewick. The centre numbers 600 members.

LADY HOLLAND.

The Right Hon. Augusta Mary, Baroness Holland, widow of Henry Edward, fourth Lord Holland, and only daughter of George William, eighth Earl of Coventry, died on Sept. 23, in her seventy-eighth year. Her Ladyship's marriage took place on May 9, 1833, when she had just attained the age of twenty-one. Her husband was only son of Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, whose father was eldest son of the first Lord, a well-known politician of the time of George II., and brother of Charles James Fox, the still more distinguished orator and statesman of the next reign. After her widowhood Lady Holland resided much at Naples, but every year some months were passed at Kensington, in historic Holland House, or at St. Anne's Hill, a charming villa near Chertsey. Her wit, social graces, and kindness of heart combined to make her the centre of a brilliant circle, and will associate her memory with the old glories and reminiscences of the home of the Foxes. Lord Holland was the last Lord Holland; he died, without issue, in 1859. The Earl of Ilchester, the head of the Fox family, succeeds, it is understood, to Holland House, and Lord Lilford, whose mother was daughter of the third Lord Holland, to St. Anne's Hill.

SIR G. RICKARDS.

Sir George Kettilby Rickards, K.C.B., whose sudden death is just announced, was born Jan. 21, 1812. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. George Rickards, of Send Grove, in the county of Surrey, by Francis, his wife, second daughter of the Rev. Samuel Kettilby, D.D., Vicar of Sutton, Beds. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1833 and M.A. in 1835, and was elected a Fellow of Queen's College two years afterwards. In 1837 he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and in 1876 was made a Bencher of his Inn. He was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford from 1851 to 1856, and Counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons from 1851 to 1882. He was given the decoration of K.C.B. in the latter year. The deceased gentleman married first, Aug. 16, 1812, Phæbe Frances, daughter of the late Rev. John Henry George Lefroy, of Ewshott House, Hants (she died in 1859); and secondly, Jan. 2, 1861, Julia Cassandra, daughter of the late Rev. Benjamin Lefroy, Rector of Ashe, Hants (she died Jan. 30, 1881).

ARCHDEACON OF WORCESTER.

The Venerable William Lea, M.A., Archdeacon of Worcester, died on Sept. 24, at his residence, Orchardlea, near Droitwich, in his seventieth year. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and was ordained Deacon in 1843, and Priest in 1845. He was Honorary Canon of Worcester since 1858, and Vicar of St. Peter's, Droitwich, from 1849 to 1887. He was appointed Archdeacon of Worcester in 1881. He was the author of many religious works, including an interesting volume entitled "Church Plate in the Archdeaconry of Worcester." He married the second daughter of Mr. Farley, a Worcestershire banker.

MR. BRODIE OF BRODIE.

Hugh Fife-Ashley Brodie of Brodie, Lord Lieutenant of Nairnshire, died at Glion, Montreux, Switzerland, aged forty-nine, on Sept. 20. He was son and successor of the late William Brodie of Brodie, Lord Lieutenant of Nairnshire, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Colonel Hugh Baillie, M.P., of Redcastle, and great-grandson of James Brodie of Brodie, by Lady Margaret Duff, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Fife. This lady was burnt to death at Brodie Castle in 1786, and her eldest son, James Brodie, was drowned some years after. The Brodies are a very ancient family. Their chief, whose death we record, married, Jan. 1, 1868, Lady Eleanor Moreton, third daughter of the second Earl of Ducie, and had five sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Ian-Ashley Moreton Brodie, was born Dec. 26, 1868.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles St. Lo Malet, at Woodbury, Upper Norwood, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years.

Mr. Loftus Tottenham Wigram, Q.C., formerly M.P. for Cambridge University, suddenly, on Sept. 25, at Mark Hall, Harlow, where he had been staying for a short holiday.

The Right Rev. Colin C. Grant, Roman Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen, on Sept. 26, aged fifty-seven, just six weeks after his consecration.

Admiral William Wood, last surviving son of General Sir William Wood, K.C.B., K.H., at Eastbourne, on Sept. 23, aged sixty-five.

Mr. Maxwell Gumbleton, of Glanatore, county Waterford, J.P., Lord of the Manor of Twyning, Gloucestershire, on Sept. 20, at Malvern, aged fifty-six.

Colonel Beauchamp Henry Dudley Colclough, Lieutenant-Colonel Wexford Militia, recently. He was heir male of Sir Anthony Colclough, to whom were granted the monastery and lands of Tintern Abbey in the time of Queen Mary.

The Rev. Julius Shadwell, M.A., suddenly, on Sept. 22, at Lower Rickingham Rectory, Suffolk, aged sixty-seven. He was son of the late Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England.

Lady Bentinck (Renira Antoinette), on Sept. 23, at 22, Upper Grosvenor-street, aged ninety-two. She was the only daughter of Admiral Sir James Hawkins Whitshed, first Baronet, G.C.B. and married March 10, 1829, General Sir Henry John William Bentinck, K.C.B., Colonel 28th Foot, who died Sept. 29, 1878.

Lady Williams (Jane Margaret), on Sept. 24, after a few days' illness, at her residence, 24, Queen Anne's-gate, St. James's Park. She was the daughter of the Rev. Walter Bagot of Pipe Hall, in the county of Stafford, brother of the first Lord Bagot, and widow of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Vaughan Williams, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

General Strachey, who was appointed some ten years ago a member of the India Council at the India Office, has resigned his position upon his appointment as Chairman of the East India Railway Company.

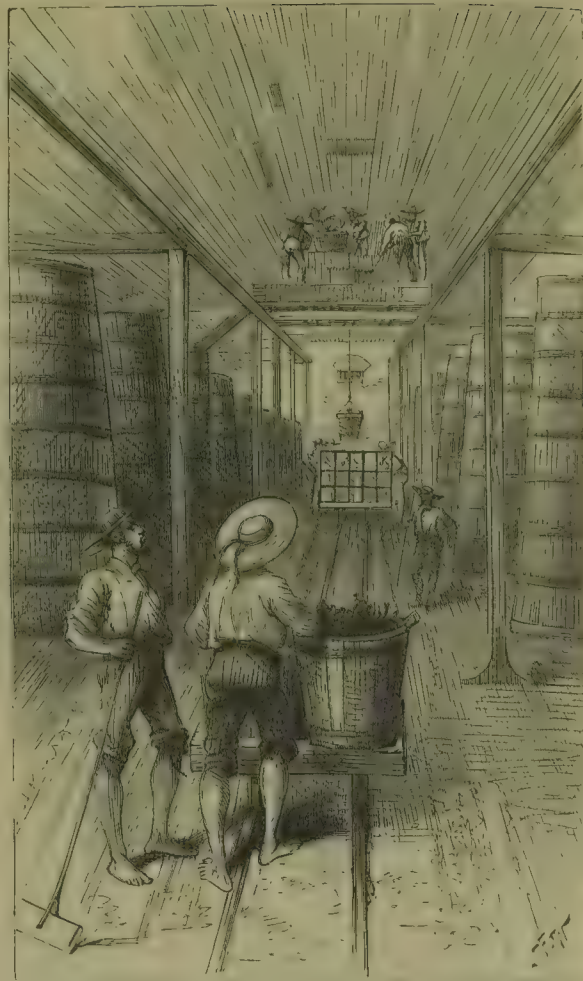
The Bishop of Bangor consecrated a new Welsh church at Penmaenmawr on Thursday, Sept. 26. At the luncheon the Rev. T. Pritchard, Rector of Llanbadrig, who had been the curate of the parish for eight years, was presented with a timepiece and a purse of 100 guineas. Mrs. Gladstone was present at the services, and disappointment was expressed at the absence of Mr. Gladstone, who forwarded a subscription to the building fund, and gave the English church a bell.

The Forth Bridge has reached the last stage of construction. The island of Inch Garvie, upon which the centre of the bridge rests, has now been connected with the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, and in about a week the northern section will also be finished, so as to allow communication from end to end of the structure. On Sept. 26 the southern section was so far completed as to allow of the gap being spanned by a gangway, over which a party of ladies and gentlemen passed to the island of Inch Garvie, and in the forenoon the workmen on the top cranes on both sides were enabled to shake hands and congratulate each other on the success of the undertaking.





ENTRANCE TO THE MACUL WINE STORES, SANTIAGO.



WINE-PRESSING AT THE MACUL STORES, SANTIAGO.

### THE VINTAGE AT MACUL, CHILE.

The cultivation of the vine has attained important proportions in the central provinces of Chile, and wine-making is taking its place as one of the leading agricultural industries of the country. The amount consumed at home is large, and there is, in addition, a considerable export to some of the other South American Republics. This industry has been favoured by the fact that in its development there have been few or no traditional prejudices to overcome. In many of the most famous wine-growing countries in Europe, practices handed

down from father to son for generations have been found to be in utter opposition to reason, when viewed in the light shed on viticulture and wine-making by modern scientific discovery. Yet the dogged obstinacy with which small farmers and peasant proprietors have clung to the rule of thumb has hindered attempts to ameliorate the general yield.

But in Chile, a virgin field has been occupied, and consequently all the most improved systems of culture and pruning developed in France and in the United States have been profitably applied. The vineyards of Urmenuta, at Limache; Errazuriz, at Panquehue; and Ochagaira, near Santiago, are

laid out and worked in a fashion scarcely to be excelled in Europe, and the further attempts to develop viticulture about Tomé and Concepcion are equally creditable. The bulk of the wine produced in Chile may be said to approximate more closely to the growths of the Lower Rhone than to the standard of either Burgundy or Bordeaux. It is round, full-flavoured, and possesses marked vinosity, and is singularly free from that *goût du terroir*, usually one of the marked characteristics of wine obtained from the vineyards of new countries.

A visit paid to the extensive vineyards of Macul, near



GRAPE-GATHERING IN THE MACUL VINEYARD, NEAR SANTIAGO.

THE VINTAGE IN CHILE: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.





CITY OF SANTIAGO FROM THE CENTRAL TRAMWAY STATION.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

Santiago, the property of the Cousiño family, is illustrated by our Special Artist's sketches made during the vintage, and may serve to give some idea of the system employed. The estate has an area of a thousand cuadros; of which about forty cuadros, or, say, a little more than 150 acres, are planted with vines in bearing, and arrangements are in progress for a further extension of the vineyards. The stocks are all of French origin; the leading *cépages* being the cabinet sauvignon, which holds a prominent place in the historic vineyards of the Médoc; the pineau of Burgundy, the merlan, the malbec, the verdeau, and the sernillon blanc. The vines are trained

in espalier fashion, according to the system now finding favour in some of the most advanced Departments of France, on a triple row of wires stretched between iron posts, thereby doing away with the necessity for stakes. The rows are about four feet six inches apart, and the same interval is left between all the plants trained on them. The system of cultivation is, in the main, that now pursued in the Bordelais. Artificial irrigation has, however, to be brought into play, owing to the peculiarities of the Chilean climate. Trenches are cut all along the rows, and communicate with reservoirs, from which water is allowed to flow at certain periods, notably

when the grape begins to swell. The vines come into bearing in their third year, and are trained with two shoots on each side of the stock.

The Macul vineyards give employment to about eighty men, who are reinforced by women and children during the vintage. The work of transporting the grapes to the press is facilitated by tramways, which have been laid down through the vineyard. This arrangement is favoured by the level character of the ground, which, contrary to experience acquired in many other countries, does not seem to militate against the character of the wine. Elsewhere it seems hard to grow wine on a flat



THE BRITISH ADMINISTRATOR OF THE GAMBIA INTERVIEWING A NATIVE CHIEF.



bottom without its acquiring an earthy flavour; but in Chile this does not seem to be the case. It is, however, intended to extend the Macul vineyards to the adjacent hill-slopes, from which even a superior product is expected.

The annual yield of wine at present is about 2800 hectolitres, or 60,000 bottles. The grapes are stripped and crushed by machinery, instead of being trodden. The must and crushed grapes are left together for about four or five days; the former is then racked off into pipes, when it remains three months. It is then again racked off when the wine is in flower, and remains in barrel three years before bottling. The cellars at Macul are cool, spacious, admirably ventilated, and fitted with every modern appliance, the machinery being driven by steam. There is also a cooperage attached to the stores.

### SANTIAGO, CHILE.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who lately visited the flourishing South American Republic of Chile, and some of whose sketches, including those of the Arauco railway and coal-mines, have appeared in this Journal, contributes a view of the city of Santiago, taken from near the central station of the tram-cars, whose lines extend through the streets from end to end of the city. In these tram-cars, women are employed as conductors to take the passengers' fares. The view shows the bridge over the Mapocho River, always thronged in the daytime by vehicles and pedestrians of various classes. Santiago, which is the capital of Chile, has a population of nearly 150,000, larger than that of Valparaiso, the chief commercial seaport, with which it is connected by railway. It stands inland close to the mountains, almost in an amphitheatre of rocky heights; the town is built around a detached rock, that of Santa Lucia, upon which Pedro de Valdivia, the Spanish conqueror in 1541, erected a fort, and which is now a public walk. Peaks of the great Cordillera range, a prolongation of the Andes, rising to the height of 17,000 ft., and covered with perpetual snow, can be seen from the city, while in another direction the prospect extends over a level fertile plain. The streets are broad and well paved, and well lighted at night; many good and some fine houses are owned by rich inhabitants. The House of Parliament, for the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, is a large and stately building, with a portico of Corinthian columns; the President resides in what was formerly the Mint. The Cathedral and other churches are not externally imposing by their architecture, but the clergy have great influence. One of the best institutions is the University, which has good classes for chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and engineering. The Alameda, or public promenade, a triple avenue of trees, with a stream flowing through the middle alley, is a delightful place of recreation.

### INTERVIEWING AFRICAN CHIEFS.

Our Illustration represents a meeting which recently took place between Mr. Gilbert Carter, the Administrator of the Gambia, and Musa Molloh, the Prince of Fehrdoo, an important district on the left bank of the river, about 180 miles from Bathurst, the seat of the Colonial Government. It is important to keep up friendly relations with the rulers of the neighbouring West African tribes; and Musa Molloh is a man of intelligence and influence, who appears desirous of cultivating the arts of peace. It was amusing to witness the rivalry of the bands of music, on each side, at this meeting; the police fife and drum band having to compete with the musicians in attendance on the native chief. They had curious stringed instruments, and the "calafone," which is a kind of dulcimer, with strips of hard wood placed across a frame-work, to which small calabashes are attached, thus increasing the resonance of the wood. Some of the natives are very expert in playing this instrument, the effect being decidedly pleasing and melodious. The Illustration is from a photograph taken by Mr. H. H. Lee, Collector of Customs at the Gambia.

### MUSIC.

Musical interest will soon be diverted from London to Leeds, where the triennial festival takes place on Oct. 9 and three following days, again conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan, as on the three previous occasions. The general arrangements and the musical performances will have to be hereafter adverted to; meantime we may draw some attention to the benevolent purpose which is so largely served by these festivals, the affording money aid to the medical institutions of the locality. Of the great help thus obtained some notion may be formed from the following facts. In 1880 a profit of £2330 was realised, £330 having been retained as a reserve fund; in 1883, £1950 was divided between the medical institutions, the reserve fund having been increased to £1100; and in 1886, the same amount as at the preceding festival was divided between the charities, and the reserve fund was raised to nearly £1800. The unusually large sale of tickets for this year's festival, long in advance of the date thereof, would seem to promise an exceptionally favourable result on this occasion.

The Promenade Concerts at the two great London opera houses still afford attractions for all tastes, classical and popular. At Covent-Garden, since the performances last recorded, there have been a Balfe night, a Gounod night, and another classical night, on which last-named occasion several representative works of Mendelssohn were effectively rendered. Miss F. Waud gave a very meritorious performance of the Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, and the fine orchestra played the "War March" from the "Athalia" music and the Italian symphony. A new tenor, Mr. H. Stubbs, was favourably received in the air "If with all your hearts" (from "Elijah"); another feature of the evening having been an "Ave Maria," by Gounod, based on the second prelude of Bach's "Wohltemperirte Clavier," with similar treatment to that so felicitously employed by Gounod on the first prelude of the series. The piece lately brought forward at the Covent-Garden Concerts will, no doubt, find its ways into various quarters. The vocal portion was well rendered by Madame Valleria, in association with Mr. B. Carrodus (violin), Mr. E. Howell (violin), Mr. J. Carrodus (pianoforte), and Mr. Higgs (organ). The concert referred to included other attractive features, among them having been Madame Patey's vocal performances. The success of the present season has been so great that it will be prolonged beyond the original intention—the supplemental performances beginning on Oct. 5. The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre have also continued to offer attractive and diversified programmes. Mr. E. Lloyd and other estimable vocalists have been announced in recent programmes, and the brilliant pianoforte and violin performances, respectively, of Señor Albeniz and M. Marteau have been features therein. Spohr's grand symphony, "The Consecration of Sound," has recently been given—not, however, as announced, "for the first time in England for some years."

The reappearance of young Hegner, the extraordinary boy-pianist, is one of the specialties of our autumn season. A series of recitals, and of performances with orchestra, is being given at St. James's Hall.

### JOB AND HIS THREE FRIENDS.

A sermon by the late George Dawson set me thinking the other day of the story of the Man of Uz—an old, old story, familiar to each of us, and having for us all a very real and pathetic interest, inasmuch as we never know but what we ourselves may some day stand in Job's pitiful case, or, at least, shall come to believe that we do. For every man has a knack of magnifying and multiplying his troubles, until he becomes convinced that his own particular burden—the Old Man of the Sea which he carries on his aching shoulders—is heavier than was borne by any Sinbad before him, and that there is never a skeleton in mortal closets which rattles so loudly as his. As for Job, I think that, like Humanity in general, he made the most of his afflictions. They were very bitter and grievous, and he might justly cry Alack, and well-a-day! but he enjoyed a good deal of compensation in the shape of querulous complaints against Destiny and much loud challenging of Heaven. It is a strange picture—that venerable Sheikh, sitting there under the warm Eastern sky, with bowed head and rent robes; no laughter of children in his ears, not even an infant's prattle; his wife's anguish constantly before his eyes; his body loathsome with a leper's sores; the fields on which he looks forth bare of harvest and empty of cattle; all around, a shadow and a gloom, as if God had withdrawn from him even that Hope which is man's last and best possession. And then there come unto him his Three Friends—you may see them hurrying across the waste as fast as they can drive their camels—and when they recognise the full extent of his desolation, their grief rises to the height of his own; and for seven days and nights they sit on the ground beside him, weeping, but speaking not a word.

For me these Three Friends of Job have a strong attraction. I think I prefer to contemplate their figures more than that of Job himself. Eliphaz and Bildad and Zophar—I say nothing of Elihu, for he does not come upon the scene until long afterwards—were evidently men of good counsel; not without their shortcomings—as was certainly the case with Zophar, who was young, and had the impatience of youth—but men true as steel, and animated by a deep and generous spirit of sympathy. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar—after all, Job was a lucky man! Most of us, now-a-days, rejoice aloud if we have one friend to boast of; and here was this "grey forefather" of the long ago with three! And three such friends—each worth a score of the ordinary pattern! For observe, as soon as they heard of Job's distresses, they sent round to one another, and at once appointed to go together to see him. They did not wait for the funeral baked meats and the formal trappings of sorrow, for paragraphs in the daily papers (so to speak) recording "the remarkable calamities that had befallen an esteemed townsman"; they did not satisfy themselves with appointing a committee to receive subscriptions for his benefit; but they girded their loins and set out across the wide Chaldean plain, that in their own persons they might testify to their abounding friendship. A friendship, surely, to be thankful for! A friendship which was not afraid of exertion and self-sacrifice! And then, their exquisite tact! They found their friend stunned by the shocks he had undergone; and, with keen sympathetic eyes perceiving that the time was not yet when they might profitably speak to him out of the fulness of their hearts, they sat down, and wept as he wept; and was silent as he was silent. They saw that he wanted no condolences, no filed phrases of commiseration. The iron had entered into his soul; and to have applied the ordinary balm of Gilead—the regulation oil of myrrh—to a wound so deep and so wide would have been worse than foolish—it would have been a cruelty.

There are times when Silence is the truest sympathy. To have your well-meaning Barnabases, your self-constituted "sons of consolation," breaking in upon a grief which you are almost ashamed that Heaven itself should see, and filling your ears with their indecorous platitudes, gives you a worse pang, does it not? than that which you were previously writhing under. When you are overtaken by a great sorrow, what you want—yes, from your nearest and dearest friend—is silence. "Clasp my hand," you say to him, "and let me go." When a mother is weeping over her dead babe, the cackle of commonplace gossip cuts her to the heart. She cannot hear the kindly advice even of priest or scribe; but let her husband's arm steal round her silently, let the child still spared to her clasp her knees with the mute eloquence of love, she may continue to weep on, but it will be with a feeling that there is something left to live for! Nothing is less tolerable in those hours of darkness which no man of woman born can hope wholly to escape, than the cold logic of conscientious advisers. What is the use of telling me, while I am struggling in the waters, that others have undergone, and others will undergo, the same terrible experience? You know that I do not, cannot, will not believe it! While I am buffeting for dear life's sake the angry billows, I needs must think that never were the waters so deep, so furious before. How am I to know what others have suffered? Enough for me that my breath is nearly spent, that my arms are almost powerless, that the shore seems to recede farther and farther from my sight! Come, come, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, sit down by my side; let us weep for seven days and seven nights, and take refuge in the wisdom of silence.

For it were better one's friends should be always dumb than insult one with the meaningless platitudes of an unreal resignation. To gather round the childless mother, and bid her be thankful because her babe is delivered from "a vale of tears," what a tragic farce it is! "If he had lived," you say, "he might have sinned and sorrowed and suffered." Oh yes, but the mother's heart tells her that he might have enjoyed, and made merry, and done good! And the husband, taken away in the plenitude of manly strength—do not, I pray you, mock his weeping wife with the stale cant "that he is happily delivered from the trials of a wicked world!" It is right and just that the aged should die: that is the law of nature; but it is also the law of nature that the young should live, and when they are cut off "before the laurel bough has grown full straight" it is another law of nature that we should lament their untimely end. For myself, I never see the funeral show of infant or child, young man or maiden, without a feeling that such imperfect lives cry out against us. It seems to me an idle blasphemy to speak of premature deaths as "the will of God." No; they are simply the punishment which individuals bear for the sins of the race. It is God's will that men should live out their lives. For this object life was given, and given in a world of mystery and beauty which makes everything in it not less beautiful and mysterious than itself. David did right to weep over his dead Absalom. We all do right to weep over those who are snatched from life, and all that life involves, before they have entered into the fulness of it. If a bud do not develop into a flower, or a plant grow up into a tree, we are conscious of a loss sustained by nature and ourselves. Such failures should not be; though it is not the less incumbent upon us to say, "Thy will be done." If Humanity violate the laws made by the Eternal from the beginning, it must pay the penalty. This, indeed, is "the will of God"; and when we have not obeyed it, and the chastisement of disobedience falls upon ourselves or

ours, we must weep in silence; and Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar must weep in silence too.

The shade on the dial moves round and round until, at length, the seven days and nights are over. We can dry our eyes, throw wide the doors, let the sunlight of heaven in upon the empty rooms, and listen to our friends. Whether Job's Friends, when they opened their mouths, always said the most helpful things, were always successful in their arguments, or justified in their personal applications, it is not my purpose to inquire. I am not an Aben Ezra or a Tanchum, a Schultens or an Ewald, that I should attempt a commentary on the Book of Job. But this, at all events, must be put to their credit—that they roused his intellect into quick action by their searching questions; that they compelled him to draw upon all his resources to meet their contentions, and that in this way they assisted him to get reconciled to himself and nature—assisted him to gather up his energies, and equip himself anew for the work of the days. This was what Job wanted; this is what every man wants when he is shaking off the sackcloth and ashes of a great sorrow. Not that he should forget it—the finest soul remembers longest—but that he should be diverted from the contemplation of it; should be recalled to a sense of his responsibilities; should be put back into his place in the world.

I have read in military records of wounded soldiers who, having gone to the rear and had their wounds bandaged, have hastened back, still pale and bleeding, to the front ranks to stand among the fighting men. That is the heroism which it is good to read of. So should it be with us when, bleeding from spear-thrust or sword-stroke in the battle of life, we have fallen out of the struggle to spend seven days and nights in sadness and silence. We must not prolong this interval of abstinence. The battle is raging still; and as its sounds reach our ears we must again buckle on our harness and hurry to our post. Life admits of no such thing as a "bootless bene"; the law of duty forbids us to indulge in an "endless sorrow." In Wordsworth's ballad, the mother, bereft of her son, "the youthful Romilly," sits long in darkness—speechless, like Job in his affliction, and heedful neither of the sunrise nor the sunset: but even for her there is an end to her tears. "Slowly did her succour come, And a patience to her grief." She would have found it sooner if she had had an Eliphaz, a Bildad, or a Zophar to encourage the stir of her faculties and revive her trust in the Everlasting. So that it is well for every Job if, when the day of trouble breaks upon him, he has his Three Friends.

W. H. D. A.

### THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

The Andaman and the Nicobar Islands are situated in the Indian Ocean, or in the Bay of Bengal, about 200 miles west of the Tenasserim Coast and the Malay Peninsula; the Andaman group to the north, and the Nicobar to the south, of the 10th degree of latitude. They are British possessions, ruled jointly by a Chief Commissioner of the Supreme Government of India, residing at Port Blair, in South Andaman, where there is a penal convict station for Indian criminals undergoing punishment. The Nicobar Islands form two groups; those of Great and Little Nicobar being separated by the Sombrero Channel, on the north, from Nancowry, Kachal, Camorta, and others. The native inhabitants are of the Malay race, much occupied in fishing, and our Illustration gives a view of one of their coast villages. It is considered by geologists that all the numerous groups of islands in that region may probably be the remnants of a vast submerged piece of the East Asiatic mainland between Pegu and Sumatra.

### THE DEFENCE OF LONDON.

In pursuance of the plan to allot nearly 100,000 Volunteers, under the home defence mobilisation scheme, to the London lines of defence, the Commander-in-Chief has approved the selection by the commanders of most of the Volunteer Brigades of places at which the battalions composing their commands shall, in the first instance, concentrate before being transferred to their places in the two lines. Eighteen brigades have been put into the London Defence Scheme, and the only two whose mobilisation points have not yet been settled are the Welsh and Welsh Border Brigades, numbering about 9500 men. For the other six provincial brigades, belonging to the South London, or Guildford to Halstead line, the places of concentration selected are: the North Midland Brigade at Derby, the South Midland at Warwick, the Western Counties at Bath, the Home Counties at Guildford, the Highland at Perth, and the South of Scotland at Hawick. The three London and one Surrey Brigades, belonging to the southern line, have been instructed that they would assemble at Caterham, the central point in the southern line. The places selected for the six brigades—all provincial—belonging to the north-eastern line of defence are: the Northern Counties Brigade at Lancaster, the Manchester at Manchester, the West Yorkshire at Leeds, the East Yorkshire at Doncaster, the Eastern Counties at Thetford, and the Staffordshire at Wolverhampton. The places have been chosen as having convenient railway communication with the headquarters of the battalions composing the brigades, and affording the readiest facilities for sending the brigades to their positions in the two lines.

Alderman Stuart Knill, Sheriff-Elect of the City, has been presented with an official gold chain and badge, as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by the inhabitants of the Ward of Bridge.

We are requested to announce that the Commissioners of her Majesty's Works, &c., intend to distribute this autumn among the working classes and the poor inhabitants of London the surplus bedding-out plants in Hyde and the Regent's Parks, and in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and the pleasure gardens, Hampton Court. If the clergy, school committees, and others interested will make application to the Superintendent of the Park nearest to their respective parishes, or to the Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, or to the Superintendent of Hampton Court Gardens, in the cases of persons residing in those neighbourhoods, they will receive early intimation of the number of plants that can be allotted to each applicant, and of the time and manner of their distribution.

At the Rainham Range, Essex, the Queen's Edinburgh Challenge Cup was competed for on Sept. 26 by the principal shots of the London Rifle Brigade, under Queen's Prize first stage conditions. The cup, which is of great value, was presented by Lord Kingsburgh, Brigadier-General of the Forth Brigade, and Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, to the London Brigade in 1888, on behalf of the premier City Infantry Brigade of Edinburgh, to commemorate the visit of the London marksmen to Edinburgh to fire a match against their Scottish comrades, in which, however, they were defeated. The cup was won, after an interesting contest, by Private Elkington—the champion shot of the City of London—other good scores being recorded to Sergeant Desmond, Private Lock, Sergeant Tayton, Lieutenant Milliken, and Colour-Sergeant Webb.





A VILLAGE IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.



OPULENT OCTOBER.

If objection be taken to "alliteration's artful aid" in our title, good reason can be shown for it. Of all the months in the year October is to many the dearest. For is it not opulent in varied ways? In the fresh bracing air which refreshes body and mind, free alike from the languor of late summer or early autumn, and from the nipping eagerness of winter; in the diversified hues of the foliage of wood, grove, and hedge-row—a feast of beauty for the leisurely eye; in the sights and sounds of rural life, which have a simple charm of their own for the accustomed observer, much more for the town visitor; for, as Spenser sings:

Then came October, full of merry glee,  
and eke by his side  
He had his ploughing share and coulter ready tied;

and in the opportunities for sport which are offered to shooter, angler, courser, and hunting man;—in all these things October has an exhilarating opulence all its own.

Look at the richly diversified tints and hues of the woodland trees. To stand on a rising ground and look down on a thickly planted copse of well-grown timber is to enjoy a feast of beauty for anyone who has the vaguest notion of gradations in colouring. Here Nature's contrasts intensify each other. The tall horse-chestnut which towers in mid copse varies from yellow-green to gold, while the beeches hard by have a deeper shade of rich brown tending to red. The crowd of oaks which are the main ornaments of the copse differ among themselves. Some are green as in summer, others much dusker, and some that are quite russet in their garb. A couple of plane-trees, some former owner's fancy long ago, old and majestic now, are yellow and brilliantly red; and the stately "immortal elms," rising from the thick hedge of hazel and blackthorn which surrounds the wood, are orange brown. As for the hedge, it is variegated. Hip and haw, sloe and blackberry, are mixed with crimson and yellow leaves, half hidden with moss and lichen, and here and there the blushing foliage of the wild cornel and the dark purple flowers of the scabious.

And what is going on in the fields which stretch between the mound whereon we stand and the woodland? Ploughing and sowing again begin to occupy the farmer's attention, which, unlike most other occupations, has all the year round demands upon it. Heavily among the soil the ploughshare is driven, the furrow straight and even, the steady horses and steady man all thoroughly up to their work. The cawing rooks are following, and smaller birds of the soft-billed kind modestly show themselves here and there in quest of turned-up grub and worm. In the nearer field the early wheat sowing is being completed, while near at hand in the big potato field, among whose haulms so many coveys have been found during

the past month, the gathering of the winter supply for storing is busily going on, and on some of the wheat stubbles the ever useful vetches are being sown, while others are as yet free to the foraging parties of pigs and geese which may pick up all they can—and there is little they pass over. All over the farm the general outdoor work is forwarded as much as possible on a fine October day.

And this is one—all the more brilliant from the characteristic early mists which have just rolled off before the sun. As one tramps briskly, gun on shoulder, down the long pasture fields which the woodland borders, there is something exhilarating beyond words in the air and the hour. Pheasant-shooting is a serious business: it is as yet too soon to begin. The thick luxuriance of the ample and well-grown hazel clumps soon to be transformed into hurdles is so great that to beat the woods is a laborious and difficult task, and, if pheasants are flushed, to get a fair shot almost impossible. But in the potato- and turnip-fields, and under the big hedgerows, and especially in the holly-clumps which from time to time occur in the border-line of the copses, outlying birds are sure, on such a morning, to be found. A brace of spaniels, mute for choice—though some like the merry music of those that fling their tongue—are the dogs, on this occasion, which will add greatly to the day's enjoyment. We have always thought this informal pheasant-shooting round the hedgerows, in the early days of October, practised with a clever spaniel's aid—especially a Sussex one, well broken and able to retrieve tenderly—more agreeable than the best day in covert, under the rules and regulations of an autocratic head keeper. On such a morning, now and again a covey of October birds—those fine, plump birds whose wild flight takes good shooting, but a brace of which in the bag is worth half a dozen September "squeakers"—is flushed under the hedgerows: and the rabbits are sure to be seen bolting in and out of rough cover. Of hares little can be said. Since the Ground Game Act passed, there is a most notable falling-off in their appearance. Nor must the earliest appearance of the various kinds of waterfowl be passed over without notice. In the most unsuspected quarters the first arrivals are found. The starlings assemble in vast multitudes, and the rooks in great numbers dive and tumble in the air in their autumnal peculiarity.

Nor is the angler without his share in October's opulence. Putting aside the beautiful grayling, now in his prime—for he is limited to certain swift-flowing streams whose flashing eddies can only be tried with the delicate dry fly by a minority of anglers—there are other and commoner fish most widely plentiful and affording capital sport just now. The pike is in high condition, and the spinning-rod has a science of its own, even as has the fly-rod, though the latter practises "the poetry of angling." Then the ruddy-finned perch and roach

are both in splendid order, and, where they run large, give sport of the most exciting kind—within the limits which "coarse fish" can give it. Of course to those whose happy chance it is to be able to throw a fly across the chalk-bottomed southern streams, or those romantically beautiful Derbyshire waters which were the scene of Cotton's experiences, the angling for the silvery grayling with his violet hues and odours, as the ancient writers have it, is the perfection of October fishing.

Coursing, too, deserves a word. In many a place unknown to fame the greyhounds of local enthusiasts are at work this month. The sport draws a motley crowd, and as the pedestrian often has as good a chance of seeing everything as the equestrian, the popularity of a coursing meeting is a matter, of course. But for real enjoyment the speed of a brace of greyhounds pitted in private against a stout down hare—which we confess we like to see get away after a good run with her life—has charms for the minority greater than any coursing match.

But not only of field and farm, of rod, gun, and dog, should anyone who really loves the month be content to speak. What mind that has any tincture of rural instinct in it will forget the birds and flowers?

"The bold thrush," one of our most melodious birds, continues to sing till the beginning of the month, when the migratory ones have so thinned the woodnotes wild. The blackbird's cheery whistle, of course, is prominent, and the warble of the robin is heard. But if music be scarce, the caw of rook and chatter of starling and whistle of missel-thrush make cheery chorus. To say autumn is dull in flower hues is to show a most unobservant eye. Every cottage-garden has its old-world bloom of hollyhock, wallflower, nasturtium, china-rose, dahlia, and many another; while the cranes-bill, "gem of the woods and lanes," and several other wild blossoms adorn the wreath of opulent October.

F. G. W.

At the meeting of the Court of Common Council, at the Guildhall on Sept. 26, Major Burnaby, City Marshal, was elected Macebearer and Common Crier. A vote of £210 was passed for the Albert Orphan Asylum; and it was resolved to present an address of congratulation to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, in a gold casket of the value of £210.

The tercentenary of Wick Royal Burgh, constituted by charter of James VI., was observed there on Sept. 25. The chief event was the presentation of the Freedom of the Burgh to the Duke of Portland, Lord Lieutenant of the county. Afterwards the Duke, who was very cordially received on all hands, opened a bazaar for the extinction of the debt on the local Temperance Hall.

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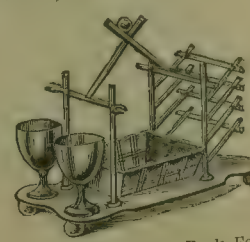
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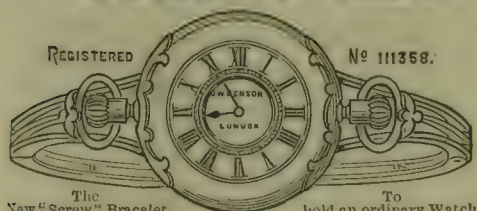
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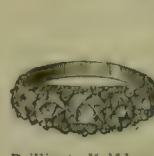


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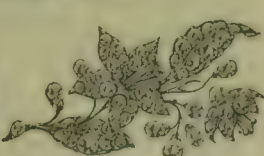


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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

London shops have burst forth into a crude display of glaring colours in plaids and tartans. Woollen and silk and velvet—dresses, cloaks, and ribbons—there they are, in all the harsh combinations of red, green, yellow, and white that were devised in the dark ages of art, and in circumstances when it was considered more important for the wearer to be known to his clansmen at a glance than for the colour sense to be gratified. Tartans were, no doubt, originally worn with the intention of supplying a sort of badge in battle. When men go forth to slay others of their own race, speaking their own tongue, some such distinguishing mark is needful; and tartans were probably invented when one clan or family was wont to be in constant warfare against another.

The subject of dress as a badge of party is a curious and interesting one. Such tokens have ranged from trifling additions to ordinary costume, like the red and white roses of the York and Lancaster partisans; or like the white handkerchief on the arm by which the slayers knew each other on that awful Bartholomew's night in Paris; or like the face-patches by the situation of which the Georgian women proclaimed their adhesion to either the Whig or Tory side—to complete differences in outward aspect, such as marked Puritan from Cavalier. As regards the tartans, he must have been a rarely accomplished person who could tell at a glance the name of the clan to which every pattern belonged. But, on the other hand, every child above the lisping infant could tell his own tartan, and that sufficed. Even when fighting under one banner and for a common cause, the clansmen regarded only those who wore their own tartan as really brethren.

Even to-day, though the clans are scattered and their chieftains shorn of consequence, every Scot who bears an old clan name knows his own tartan. So long ago as the beginning of the sixteenth century, one "Schr Richard Urquharde, knyght," writing a work on tartans, enumerated seventy-five varieties; and by divisions of families and intermixtures through marriage, the number had considerably increased by the middle of the eighteenth century, when, after the Jacobite rising, it was made a crime to wear the tartan in any pattern. Many of the old patterns almost disappeared in that time of oppression. The effort to extinguish a language is almost sure to fail. At different periods the use of the ancient tongues of both Scotland and Ireland—the Gaelic and the Erse—has been forbidden by English law. The mad language of little Wales, with its saturnalia of y's and d's and ll's, has been doomed by English rulers, and its extinction has been attempted in

ancient days by repressive laws, and in more modern times, almost down to the present, by providing State clergy who could not speak a word of the mother tongue of their parishioners, and by excluding the language, whether written or spoken, from the schools. But such efforts are useless. The language that the mother whispers to the baby on her knee, the language in which the father in the lonely fields tells his son of the days that are gone and the mighty deeds of old, can never be extirpated and wholly lost. Not so with a distinctive garb. Many of the tartans ceased to be made, and specimens at length became extinct. When the repressive period passed over, however, they were revived from description and memory; and as nearly as possible a man with a clan name to-day knows for his tartan that which his forbears wore habitually.

It follows that when the maidens and matrons of the Southern isle don tartan frocks this season, because, forsooth, plaids are "the fashion," they are really setting up a claim to be members of clans which they have no more right to assert than they would have to assume the arms of some ancient family to which they were strangers in blood. The tartan is the coat-of-arms of the clansmen. But, dear me! That tartans are ugly and inartistic, unless very well draped, and relieved with panels of plain velvet or silk, will soon become apparent, and the craze will not be a long-lived one, probably. Meantime, we are undoubtedly "in for" a period of plaids. It is to be the chosen method for the many to express interest in the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales.

Another and a better fashion, which will be encouraged by the prominence given to the young Duchess of Fife's habits and training, is the physical education of girls. It has become known that the Prince of Wales's daughters owe their upright carriage and well-developed figures partly to fencing, of which the Duchess of Fife in particular is quite a mistress. Fencing was already a popular amusement with girls. The largest class in London for teaching ladies fencing, Herr Stemple's, at the Albany-street Gymnasium, Regent's Park, included in its ranks last winter the daughters of the Duke of Rutland, of Mr. Alma Tadema, of Professor Huxley, and of other persons of position. Fencing is capital exercise, moving the whole body, and involving training of the eye and hand in quickness and decision. It has also the advantage that it can be practised in private, wherever a spacious or almost empty room can be had, and with only one companion—all which are points to its advantage as compared with ordinary gymnastics, or with games which require a party or a special ground.

A curious story is that told at the recent inquest on the body of a girl who had died of fright. Her companion at the moment of her seizure with the epileptic fit from which she never recovered tells the tale, of how the poor dead girl went in the dark to her own box, and, feeling in a corner, suddenly saw a flame and a cloud of smoke rise up; upon which she screamed and fell insensible to the ground, overcome, and, in fact, killed, by terror of the supernatural. There are many instances on record of death from sudden shock, but the cause has rarely been so trivial as in this case. Those miserable, pointless, selfish, and low tricks called "practical jokes" frequently do mischief of less startling dimensions. The monkey-like propensity to play such pranks, when fully developed and grown up, is beyond the reach of argument. But children who show such a tendency should be remonstrated with, and it should be pointed out to them that "jokes" which cause alarm or annoyance to others are entertainments of a detestable and despicable sort.

One of the historic cases where fright produced sudden death refers not to a feeble-minded girl, but to a rigid and severe man of middle age. Towards the end of the last century the janitor of Marischal College, Aberdeen, was a man named Downie. He incurred the ill-will of certain of the students by his austere fidelity to his duties. No man out of gates five minutes over time might hope for excuse, and the screw of routine turned very tight in Downie's hands. A series of small tricks played off by the students on Downie resulted in the expulsion of some of their number by the authorities; and then a party of about fifty resolved on a great scheme of revenge.

By some trick they enticed Downie to a large room which they had hired, and which they had hung with black and arranged in the manner of a Court of Justice. It was scantily lit, and, after Downie was safely captured, the fifty students, all masked, held a mimic trial, and condemned the porter to death for his tyranny over the students. A block, an axe, and a bag of sawdust were brought in, and Downie was told that in fifteen minutes he must die. It seems strange that a grown-up man should have believed in such mummary, but Downie's terror seems to have grown by degrees to an extremity, and when at length he was blindfolded and forced on his knees, and the back of his neck was sharply struck with a wet towel, the unfortunate man positively died on the spot. The terrified students fled in all directions; and kept their own counsel so completely that the death of Downie remained a mystery for fifteen years, when one of the conspirators, dying of consumption, confessed the whole story.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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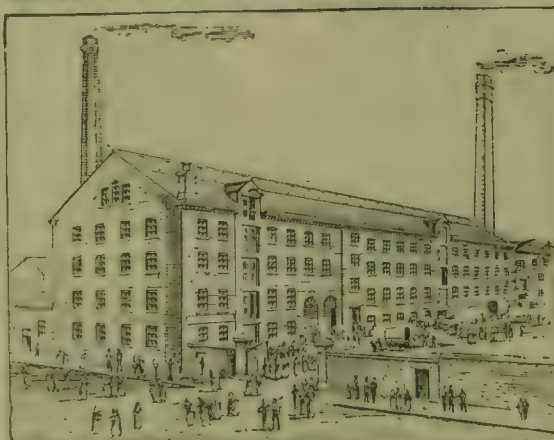
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children (nine  
girls & three boys)  
Everyone of which  
was fed on Dr.  
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any mother's milk  
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to employ a doctor  
greater lost a child  
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I can do, is to  
acknowledge the  
blessings my family  
have received from  
Dr. Ridges Food  
Yours truly  
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It is DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED, REMARKABLY DURABLE,  
AND HAS BEEN IN GOOD REPUTE NEARLY 100 YEARS,  
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Best quality, 35s. Silver, 10s. 6d.

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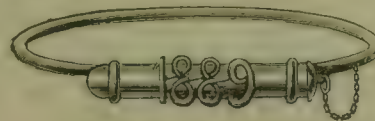
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They are simply perfection for those persons who write rapidly. It is almost impossible to make them stick in the paper, spurt or blot, and they do not require dipping nearly as often as other pens.

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BRUISES CHEST COLDS SORE THROAT from COLD-STIFFNESS

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"For many years I have used your Embrocation and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat and colds."

"On a Saturday evening I have sometimes felt a little sore throat, or have had a slight cold on the chest, in which cases I have rubbed in the Embrocation at night, put a piece of flannel over the part, and the next morning found myself quite recovered, and able to do a long day's work in Church and Sunday School."

An M.R.C.S. writes:—

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"Many of my (human) patients use your Embrocation with benefit."



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 27, 1889) of Mr. Robert Pryor, J.P., D.L., formerly Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the St. Albans Division of Hertfordshire, late of High Elms, near Watford, Herts, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on Sept. 23 by Marlborough Robert Pryor, Selwyn Robert Pryor, and Francis Robert Pryor, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £171,000. The testator gives and devises his freehold and copyhold estate and hereditaments at or near Weston, Herts (except the Old Farm), with the crops and tillage, live and dead farming stock, and any money advanced to stock and cultivate it, to his son Marlborough Robert; and his said son may, if he desires, purchase the Old Farm for £8000. He also devises his freehold and copyhold estates and hereditaments at or near Dunton, Herts, to his son Selwyn Robert. He bequeaths £3000 and all his plate, pictures, jewellery, books, china, wines, furniture, household effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Caroline Pryor; £25,000 to each of his said three sons; and a further sum of £12,000 to his son Francis Robert. A fund is to be set aside that will produce £2000 per annum, and the income thereof paid to his wife, for life; at her death, the said fund is to be divided among his issue, as she shall by deed appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said three sons, in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Dumbarton, of the general disposition and settlement (dated March 29, 1873), with a codicil (dated Sept. 29, 1880), of Mr. James Black, of Auchentoshan and Kilbowie, county Dumbarton, who died on June 25 last, granted to John Bush and William Dunn Black, the accepting executors nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £142,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriffdom of Roxburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Sept. 29, 1886) of Sir George Richard Waldie Griffith,

Bart., J.P., D.L., of Hendersyde, in the county of Roxburgh, who died, at Hendersyde Park, on May 8 last, granted to Sir Richard John Waldie Griffith, Bart., the son, John Adam Richard Newman, and William Nicholas Leader, the executors nominate, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £106,000.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin on Sept. 6, of the will (dated Oct. 15, 1887), with three codicils (dated Oct. 15, 1887; Dec. 11, 1888, and Jan. 31, 1889), of Charlotte Jane, Lady Forster (widow of Sir George Forster, Bart., M.P.), late of No. 63, Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin, who died on Aug. 9 last, to Mrs. Isabella Crowe, the sister, and Major Robert Forster, the nephew, two of the executors, was resealed in London on Sept. 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £93,000. The testatrix gives £5000 to her said sister; £12,000 to her nephew Quintin Dick Hume; her house in Fitzwilliam-square, with the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects (excepting some specifically bequeathed), to her nephew Major Forster; £10,000, upon trust, to pay the income to Major Forster, for life, in addition to £10,000 given to or settled upon him in her lifetime; £100 each to the Adelaide Hospital (Dublin), the Dublin Hospital, the Institution for the Blind (Upper Leeson-street, Dublin), and the Orthopaedic Hospital (Brunswick-street, Dublin); and numerous legacies, many of considerable amount, to relatives, servants, and others. She states that she may become entitled to a share of the estate of her uncle, Quintin Dick; and in such event it is to be divided into four parts, one of which she gives to the said Quintin Dick Hume, one to the children or remoter issue living at her death of her late niece Isabella Warden, one to the children or remoter issue of her late niece Anna Leslie, and one part to the children or remoter issue of her sister, Mrs. Isabella Crowe. Major Robert Forster is appointed residuary legatee.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1875), with a codicil (dated March 7, 1886), of Mr. William Duncan, late of No. 83, Gloucester-

terrace, Hyde Park, who died on July 25 last, was proved on Sept. 17 by Charles Arthur Duncan and Adam Seymour Dickson Duncan, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £80,000. The testator gives all his real estate to his son Charles Arthur; £4000 each to his sons Charles Arthur and Adam Seymour Dickson; and £2000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Alice Currie. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves one third to each of his said two sons, and the remaining third, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Currie, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint.

The will (dated April 24, 1886) of the Rev. William Bryans, formerly of Tarvin, Cheshire, and late of King's Garden, Eltham, Kent, who died on July 18 last, was proved on Sept. 19 by the Rev. Edward Lonsdale Bryans and Arthur Bryans, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, pictures, books, furniture and household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Anna Bryans. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, and then for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 3, 1885), with two codicils (dated Oct. 23, 1885, and May 29, 1889), of Miss Harriett Bache, late of No. 41, Gloucester-place, Portman-square, who died on Aug. 30 last, was proved on Sept. 18 by Charles Butler and Arthur Butler, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1300 to his Eminence Cardinal Manning, the Very Rev. Monsignor Canon Gilbert, and the Rev. Michael Barry, in aid of the building fund of St. James's Roman Catholic Church, Spanish-place; £100 for the benefit of poor schools connected with the said church; £500 to the Roman Catholic Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, and St. Elizabeth, Great Ormond-street; £300 to St. Mary's Orphanage, Blackheath; and very numerous specific and pecuniary legacies to relatives, friends, executors, and servants. All her real estate (if any) and the residue of her personal estate she gives to the said Charles Butler.

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The Company have pleasure in announcing that they have been

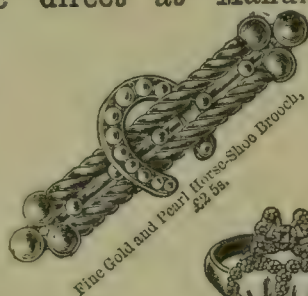
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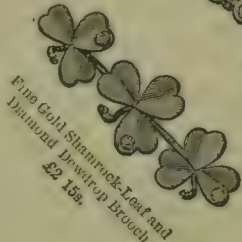
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## FOREIGN NEWS.

The distribution of the Paris Exhibition awards was made on Sept. 29 at the Palais de l'Industrie by President Carnot, who on his way from the Elysée was enthusiastically cheered by the large crowd of people who lined the route. An equally hearty reception was accorded to M. Carnot as he entered the hall where the ceremony took place. The President thanked the exhibitors for having taken part in the celebration of the anniversary of 1789, and declared that their united efforts had served the great cause of peace and humanity. The prize winners number 30,000. A complete list of the Exhibition prizes awarded to British exhibitors has been published. The juries have adjudged to the 1017 British exhibitors 910 prizes, of which 43 are grand prizes, 218 gold medals, 289 silver medals, 237 bronze medals, and 125 honourable mentions. In the Fine Arts Section, out of 297 British exhibitors 139 gained prizes, of which 7 are grand prizes, 21 gold medals, 33 silver medals, 54 bronze medals, and 15 honourable mentions. The 673 British exhibitors of the Industrial Section carried off 742 prizes, 29 being grand prizes, 184 gold medals, 179 bronze medals, and 107 honourable mentions. In the Social Economy Section the 47 British exhibitors received 33 prizes, of which 7 are grand prizes, 13 gold medals, 13 silver medals, 4 bronze medals, and 1 honourable mention. The prize of 100,000f. for the best work in the Paris Exhibition was awarded by the Press Committee to the architect and constructors and workmen of the machine gallery.—The late French Chamber voted unanimously an extraordinary credit of 58,000,000f., which is to be expended immediately on the construction of additional vessels for the French Navy, including three ironclad coast-defence vessels of 6700 tons displacement; four torpedo avisos of the Levrier type; ten seagoing torpedo-boats of No. 126 type, with a length of 118 ft.; and thirty torpedo-boats 112 ft. long, for coast defence purposes.—President Carnot on Sept. 28 received the official members of the Congress on Commerce and Industry.—General Boulanger's election for Montmartre has been treated as null and void by the prefectural scrutineers appointed to perform the functions of returning officers, and M. Joffrin has been declared duly elected. The votes polled for M. Rochefort in the 20th Arrondissement are also annulled.—General Faidherbe, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, died on Sept. 28 in Paris, at the age of seventy-one, after many years' suffering from paralysis. His remains were honoured with a state funeral on Oct. 1.—Several members of the Iron and Steel Institute went to Creuzot on the 26th in order to present M. Henri Schneider, Director of the Metallurgical Works there, with a special Bessemer gold medal, in consideration of his having been the first to introduce the Bessemer steel process into France. The presentation was made by Sir Lowthian Bell, Bart., who was accompanied by Mr. Albert Kitson, Mr. Whitwell, and others. Two hundred and fifty members of the Institute on the same day ascended the

Eiffel Tower, where they were received by M. Eiffel and the President of the French Society of Engineers.—The International Congress of the Ethnographic Sciences was opened on the 30th at the Trocadéro, under the presidency of M. Jules Oppert, Member of the Institute and Professor at the College of France.—Mr. Edison has received, through the American Minister, the Commander's Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The Duke of Coimbra, brother of King Luis of Portugal, died on Sept. 26. He was born on Nov. 4, 1847.

Mr. William Walter Phelps, the new American Minister at Berlin, had an audience of the Emperor at Potsdam on Sept. 26, and presented his credentials from the President of the United States. Count Herbert Bismarck was present. The Emperor received the Embassy from the Sultan of Zanzibar with much state on the 30th at Potsdam. In the evening the Emperor gave a dinner in honour of the seventy-eighth birthday of the Empress Augusta. The Emperor and Empress arrived at Schwerin on Oct. 1, and as they drove to the castle with the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess were received with enthusiastic cheers by the populace. His Majesty has consented to stand as godfather to the eighth son of a poor Silesian weaver.—On the 27th the Empress Frederick and her daughter Princess Victoria visited the Home for British and American Governesses at Berlin, of which her Majesty was the founder and remains the patroness. On the 28th the Emperor and Empress took luncheon with the Empress Frederick in her palace in the Unter den Linden. The Empress Frederick went on Sunday morning, Sept. 29, to Bornstedt, with her daughters, and attended service in the country church there. In the evening, accompanied by the Princesses, the Empress attended service at St. George's English church at Monbijou.—The Empress Augusta celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday on Sept. 30 at Baden-Baden, in company with her only daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the Grand Duchess's family. The public and many private buildings in Berlin and Potsdam had their flags flying.—The marriage of Princess Sophie d'Arenberg, sister of the Duke d'Arenberg, with her cousin, Prince François d'Arenberg, a captain of Cavalry in the Prussian service, was celebrated on the 26th at the Château of Heverlé, near Louvain.

The Grand Dukes Michael and George on Sept. 27 opened at Tiflis the Caucasus Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, the object being to open trade among the Central Asiatic races.

The statue of a god, in a sitting posture, has been discovered at Tripolitza by a member of the French school there. The style of the art approaches that of the antique Egyptian sculptures. The statue is supposed to be the most ancient yet discovered in Greece.

Three persons were killed and twenty-seven injured in a railway collision between Naples and Foggia.

The International American Congress met at Washington on

Oct. 2. Thirty-four delegates attended from all the American nations, including ten from the United States.

The death is announced of Dr. Porter, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Bombay.

## ARMY REFORMS IN INDIA.

The *Times* Calcutta correspondent announces that the military canteen systems have been abolished, and coffee-shops, refreshment-rooms, and liquor bars have been substituted. Every effort is to be made to wean the soldiers from converting the bar into a lounging-room. These coffee-rooms are working most profitably with certain regiments. The proceeds are applied to the promotion of the comforts, material and other, of the soldiers. As a part, also, of the general scheme of the Commander-in-Chief for improving the condition of the soldiers, regimental institutes have been started on a wide basis to provide for rational amusement. Each institution is divided into five branches—library and reading-room, a recreation-room, an army temperance association room, a theatre, and, finally, a refreshment department. A sub-committee of three non-commissioned officers will assist each commissioned officer in charge. The Commander-in-Chief directs that every endeavour is to be used to suppress the use of profane and obscene language. Soldiers guilty of misconduct will be excluded. One of the main objects is to render the institutes a means of raising the tone of the soldiers to the level of the best-behaved characters in each regiment. Sir F. Roberts is fast establishing his reputation as the soldier's best friend, and his reforms are already bearing valuable fruit.

## THE NEW ZEALAND SHEEP SUPPLY.

The annual sheep returns for New Zealand, recently laid before the Colonial Parliament, show an increase of about 200,000 in the North Island, and a decrease in the South Island of about 300,000. The number in the colony in 1888 was 15,042,000, which is now reduced by about 100,000. The returns are made up to the end of May. A statement, prepared by Messrs. P. Cunningham and Co., of Christchurch, New Zealand, shows that, during the year ending on June 30, 1889, 874,102 carcasses of sheep and 132,645 of lamb, besides detached legs and other pieces, were exported. The total number of sheep and lambs exported as frozen carcasses amounts to 1,006,747, as compared with 743,836 for 1886-7. For the calendar year 1888 the number was 1,060,738. Returns given by the secretary of the Otago Harbour Board make the exports from Port Chalmers 53,734 more than Messrs. Cunningham, and this would bring the total for 1888-9 up to 1,060,481. It is estimated that if the works of the Canterbury Frozen Meat Company, at Belfast, New Zealand, had not been destroyed by fire, at least 120,000 more carcasses would have been shipped.



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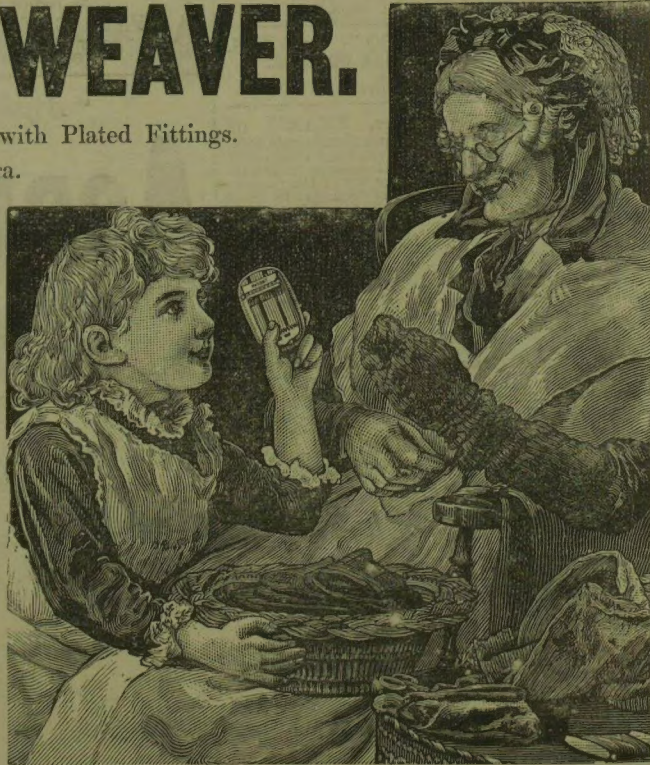
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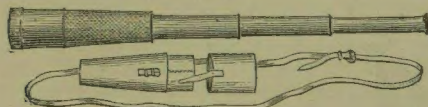
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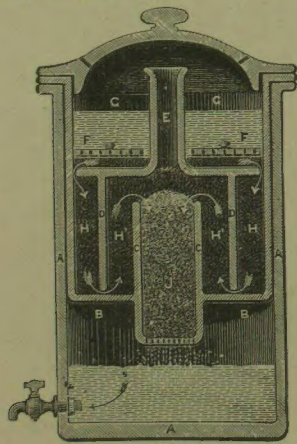
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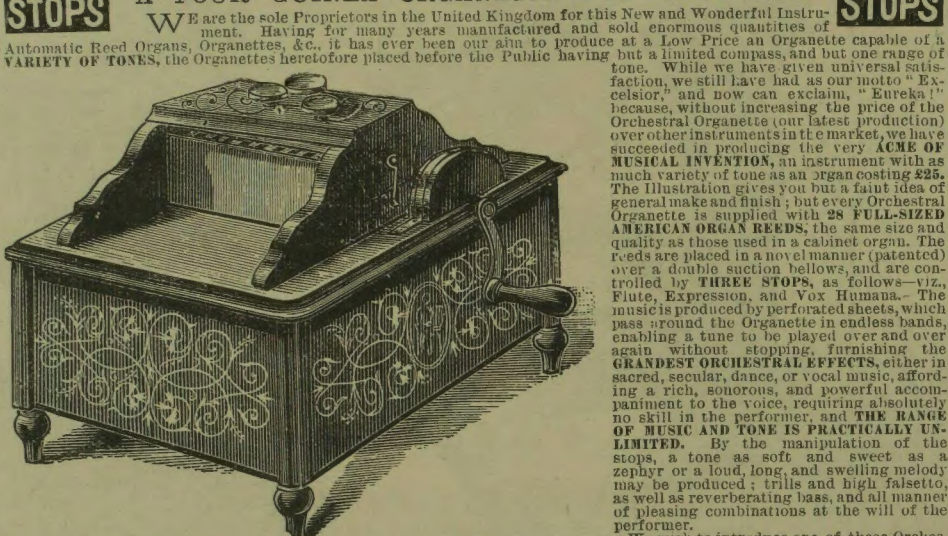
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